THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 656. OCTOBER 16, 1913. *Vol. LV.*

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A FAMOUS VICTORY.

The enactment of the new tariff law, which went into effect on an early day in the present month, may fairly be described as a famous victory — a victory for the forces that are assailing the citadel of corruption and special privilege. Even little Peterkin could be made to understand the reasons why it deserves this title. We can share to the full in the exultation felt by President Wilson in the solemn moment when he affixed his signature to the act, saying, as he did so:

> "I feel a peculiar pleasure in what I have just done by way of taking part in the completion of a great piece of business. It is a pleasure which is hard to express in words which are adequate to express the feeling; because the feeling that I have is that we have done the rank and file of the people of this country a great service. I have a feeling of profound gratitude that, working with the splendid men who have carried this thing through with studious attention and doing justice all around, I should have had part in serving the people of this country as we have been striving to serve them ever since I can remember."

It is, indeed, "a great piece of business" to have dealt such a body blow to the intrenched interests that have so long set the common welfare at defiance, and, with the rancid patriotism and nauseous hypocrisy of their defence of an indefensible system, have for so long made the worse appear the better reason to the muddled public intelligence. Of a truth, the plea for protectionism is revolting to the trained mind, and the shifts to which its advocates have been reduced in recent years have provided a startling object-lesson of the tenacity of irrationalism. There never were but two arguments in its favor having about them a shred of logical respectability — the infant industry argument, and the argument that a country should be self-sustaining in the necessaries of existence — and both of these have been so ludicrously inapplicable to our practice of protectionism during the last half-century that its hardened defenders have been almost ashamed to use them. Instead of them, we have had the pauper labor argument, and the bread line argument, and the dumping argument, and the cheap man argument, and the foreigner-pays-the-tax argument, all of them so ineffably silly that they have strained the enormous capacity of the ordinary mind to be humbugged.

Now, at least, the air is partly cleared, and

a large share of the ill-gotten gains which the beneficiaries of the old vicious system have been pocketing under the sanction of law has been turned back into the channels of competitive industry, and the injured fill our ears with dismal prophesyings. But we must not forget, in all our satisfaction about what has been accomplished, that the victory is by no means complete, and must be regarded as only a first step — although a long one — toward the desired goal. The new tariff law is still a highly protective measure, and its schedules contain many duties that our daughters of the horse-leech in the days before the Civil War would have regarded as higher than there was any use in demanding. A tariff law that continues to tax *any* foreign products (except luxuries) fifty per cent and upwards is by no means a matter for unqualified self-congratulation on the part of the consumer, who may still indignantly ask: "Why should the law force me to buy from the domestic producer something which I want, and pay him this enormous tribute, when it is offered me elsewhere at a reasonable price?" The question is insistent, and will not down; it is a question quite as pertinent under the new law as it was under the outrageous provisions of the old one. All we have thus far done has been to make a sort of compromise between the socialistic policy of protectionism and the policy of taxation which takes into account only the principles of equitable incidence and adequate revenue, and between these policies a lasting compromise is no more possible than between darkness and light, or between evil and good.

There are certain tariff matters with which a journal like ours is especially concerned which loom much larger in the consciousness than their political or financial importance would warrant. As citizens of the republic, we are concerned with such things as the cotton and woollen and lumber schedules; as conductors of a journal having for its special field the interests of culture, we are much more largely concerned with such matters as the tariff on books and works of art, and with the provisions that affect the comfort of returning travellers. We have called the tariff on books the meanest of taxes, and we deeply regret that it will continue to retard the progress of education and culture. The President cannot be held guiltless of the perpetuation of this enormity, for no one can doubt that the firmness which he displayed in his demand for free wool and free sugar could have obtained for us free books without the least difficulty. And there is a sense in which free books are more important than either free wool or free sugar. That they are withheld is a fact that has about it a shameful and humiliating quality that does not attach to an unjustifiable tax upon a merely commercial product. If a President who stands for scholarship more distinctly than any we have had since the early Virginian dynasty can fail us so lamentably, the case seems indeed hopeless. It is true that, after an energetic protest, the indecent attempt to take books in foreign languages from the free list has been abandoned, that English Bibles and text-books are now admitted free, and that the tax on English books in general has been reduced from twenty-five to fifteen per cent, but these are only palliations of a grievous offence. A tax of one per cent upon them would be almost as obnoxious as the higher one now in force, because any tax at all means that an English book cannot be sent to an American scholar by post without being held up at the custom-house, and this fact, far rather than the increased price, is the head and front of the offending. As for books imported by booksellers, the lowered tax means a possible lowering of the price by two cents in the shilling, and we may be fairly sure that the individual purchaser will not get even that small benefit.

The victory of the forces that have been demanding untaxed works of art is indeed a notable one. The opposition to this enlightened measure was of so unreasoning and pigheaded a description that it seemed hopeless to seek to overcome it. But the hopeless was accomplished, thanks to the strong concerted attack made upon this proposed monstrosity of taxation. At the risk of seeming to be engaged in the unnecessary task of slaying the slain, we will make the following quotations from the brief of Mr. John Quinn, acting as counsel for the American artists in their demand *not* to be protected by an over-zealous government:

"The art of every age is the flowering of all the scientific and all the philosophic thought of its own day and time. It quickens vitality and intensifies the love of beauty and increases the joy of life. The plea that I make for free contemporary fine art is a plea that art may be brought within the reach of people of modest means and not remain the trading commodity of wealthy art-dealers or become merely the hobby or the exclusive possession of the rich."

"As was pointed out in my brief, we are the only or substantially the only civilized country that taxes art. We spend hundreds of thousands and even millions on museums, art galleries, art commissions, municipal, state and national, and yet the Finance Committee of the Senate proposes to erect a Chinese wall fifty feet high against the importation of modern, vital, living, creative art."

"It is an absurdity to argue that art is merely a

luxury. It is a degradation to treat it as though it were something like opium or a drug or an adulterated food or like a contagious disease, and it is uncivilized and reactionary to consider it merely as a means of raising a little revenue, as if it were leather or wool or machinery or tobacco or bananas or cotton goods or like any other articles of utility that need 'protection' or afford a chance to raise a little revenue from."

Even our benighted senatorial law-makers had to yield to such persuasions as these, and with respect to our national attitude toward art we may now at last be reckoned among the civilized countries. But we still belong with the barbarians in the matter of books, and in the matter of those tariff provisions which now make the return from abroad a terror to every American traveller. No American who has ever learned by personal experience the contrast between the treatment of the tourist in European and American custom-houses has not blushed for his country; and if the numbers of such returning tourists were only large enough, we should not long have to endure an administrative system which regards every one of them as an object of suspicion, and which requires, in addition to a personal declaration of innocence, an inquisitive investigation to determine the truth of that declaration.

THE AUTHOR OF "EREWHON."

Is there any certain recipe for contemporary reputation? Catching on to coat-tails is as good a counsel as any. It is as valuable for the catchee as for the catcher; for if enough people of parts can be induced to form a train, their light, singly perhaps indiscernable, may together flare out in our sky like a comet which "fires the length of Ophiuchus huge." Such a combination of brillancies is not only pardonable but laudable. Meier-Graefe said that the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England was a criminal conspiracy. But this is shooting way beyond the mark. Natural sympathy caused the members of the group to gravitate together, and they did a needed work. Only, for awhile, their preoccupation with themselves, the flood of books and articles which they poured forth about each other, threw everything else in England into obscurity. The movement was not really the central fact of the time, but it had the appearance of being so; and other great names or great issues were eclipsed.

The pioneers, the originators among men, have, however, usually a solitary lot. Luck, or just hitting the right moment, may sometimes get them an immediate following; but more often theirs is a lonely fight with the world. Like Winkelried, they must gather the spears of the Philistines into their breasts in order to make a way for the Children of Light. And too often those who follow them into the breach are pseudo Children of Light,—Children of Light for revenue only, who give an additional stab to the leader who has made their victory possible.

But when such a leader is comfortably dead, then his struggle and his obscurity are at an end. He is treasure trove for the whole world. A few explorers discover him at first, and they bring back and exhibit the nuggets of rich ore in which his work abounded. Then there is a Klondike rush to his "diggings," as there was not long ago to Nietzsche.

The recently published "Note Books" of Samuel Butler show plainly enough that their writer died in the modest assurance that he was of this order of men, and would, intellectually, "cut up rich." This interesting miscellany of fragments, notes, diaries, essays, bears a striking resemblance to the "Parerga" of Schopenhauer. There is the same solitary attitude of disdain for his contemporaries, and very much the same views of life, death, genius, and greatness. Unfortunately, Schopenhauer came first, and the massy brilliancy of his prose is beyond anything the Englishman has achieved. "Can you emit sparks?" is the first question we ask of a writer of this kind. Unquestionably Butler can and does emit sparks; but compared with the broad, vigorous flashes of Schopenhauer, they are small and dim. His ideas resemble the older man's as the second infusion of tea-leaves in the pot resembles the first brew. Or his mind might be compared to a sieve into which all the thoughts of his great contemporaries in science and philosophy have been poured: the lesser thoughts get through and into his books, but the larger ones remain behind unused. We may adopt what attitude we please towards Schopenhauer and Nietzsche: we may call the first the Apostle of Gloom and the second the Prophet of Unrighteousness; but the fact remains that they startle, astound, and wake us up. They are capable of giving the world those electric shocks that resurrect it. Butler's battery of magnetic truths is only a respectable one, and we think that in England alone there are several of his contemporaries who surpass him in novelty and force of opinion. In science his study of heredity and habit may have more originality than we can see in it when considered along with the investigations of Darwin, Galton, and Von Hartmann; but it is certainly not epoch-making.

Butler indulged himself in a number of opinions which can hardly be called anything but crochets. One of these was that the English school of music is the finest in the world, and that Handel is not only the greatest of all musicians, but the greatest man who has ever worked in any of the arts. That is a question of taste; and if a person chooses to have a taste of that kind there is nothing more to say except that he is not likely to be of a prevailing party. Another of his crochets was that the Odyssey was written by a woman. That is a question of fact; and as there are no facts adducible to prove it, and all tradition and the acceptance of ages being against it, the theory must be waved aside.

Again and again, in his "Note Books" and else-

where, Butler shows himself sensitive to the charge of being a man of one book. "Erewhon" was the one success of his career, and it came early. That he could have repeated this success and won contemporary literary fame is probable; but he branched off into painting, music, and other kinds of achievement. Towards the end of his life he essayed the modern novel of manners in "The Way of All Flesh." This, however, was published posthumously, and any vogue it may have had came too late to console him. There were undoubtedly in his character a lofty indifference to practical results and a high disdain of literary quackery. But there was also a lack of verve and flow and continuity, which explains the scantiness of his product and the paucity of his repute.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw suggests that "The Way of All Flesh" is a masterpiece. It is not necessary to state, therefore, that it belongs to the school of fiction which holds up life by the tail, like a struggling puppy, and not to the school which places life on a pedestal for study and admiration. This school might be called that of the Dropped Veil, for it prides itself on tearing away all illusion from existence. As most of the great philosophies of the world maintain that all existence is illusion, this kind of fiction cannot have a very sound philosophical basis. Most of us hug our illusions, and get enough interest and amusement out of life to make us want to live. But the new fiction preaches to us that it would have been money in our pockets if we had never been born. It is not that it deals with more forbidden material than the older fiction, with worse vices and crimes, with more terrible outlooks upon time and eternity. That would be an impossible feat, for all the secrets of evil have long been embodied in immortal verse and prose. But the new fiction goes about its work of being bad in a hard didactic way, which, though it convinces us that the Devil is dull and Evil is only another word for ennui, makes its novels and plays as repulsive as tracts, and kills all joy in us. The joy of festival and the joy of battle, the delight of the senses and the heroism of the soul,—these surely are the things that literature should convey to us and convince us of.

With the best will in the world to be what they call brutally true, the new fictionists are continually having to make concessions to romanticism. The whole plot of "The Way of All Flesh" is an instance of this. It bears a distant resemblance to the plot of "Wilhelm Meister." In both books the hero is set loose to flounder about in the world, get into bad company, and fall into evil ways. In "Wilhelm Meister" there is a certain College of Guardians which watches and directs Wilhelm's course unknown to him, and only lets him out as it were on a leash. In Butler's book this business is assumed by an older relative, who holds a large fortune secretly in trust for the hero, and who steers him through his misadventures. Of course this is playing the game of realism with loaded dice. It is making Achilles invulnerable, and then patting him on the back for being brave.

Butler's hard, tight style prevents his portraits from having much literary lure; but in one character, a reincarnation of Mrs. Quickly, he nearly arrives at a creation. The girl Ellen is painted in hard, bright colors; but as we have spoken of "Wilhelm Meister" we may compare her with Philina, in order to see how charm and mystery and illusion are needed to make anything that is living. Mr. Pontifex, the hero's father, is almost the *raison d'être* of the book; but he bores us as much as he did his son. As a clergyman he is not as preposterous as Mr. Collins; as a father he is not more erring than Mr. Bennet; but whereas custom cannot stale the infinite variety of Jane Austen's men, we have not the patience to read Mr. Pontifex's record through.

So, in the end, to explain Butler's confidence in his immortality, and the importance his disciples seem to attach to him, we are driven back to the book which the world did in some measure accept. The central idea of "Erewhon," that of a country where human nature runs on different lines than it does with us, is of course as old as literature. It appears in Aristophanes, Lucian, the "Arabian Nights," Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, Swift, John Buncle, and many others, down to recent times when the theme has become almost as prolific in its varied inventions as that other but somewhat similar one of an imaginary European kingdom. The mould has always been the same, but it has been filled up with different material. Sometimes it has been purely idealistic, sometimes fantastic, sometimes satirical. "Erewhon" combines all three of these elements. We are inclined to think that its idealism, its doctrine of the simple life and a return to nature, rather conflicts with its satire. The end of the book has forgotten its beginning.

It will probably be granted that Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" is the central and best book in this type of literature. "Erewhon," we should say, can fairly claim second place. Written fifty years ago, its satire is not only fresh and effective, but it deals with problems and ideas which are only now beginning to stir in the world's mind. There is a curious mixture in the book of ironical satire on modern civilization and a suggested new philosophy of life. The Erewhonian notions about health and crime have not been put into practice by any society the world has known, though they may be in a measure anticipatory of the Nietzschean programme. But Butler's satire on our double standard of Christian and commercial morality, in his description of the "Musical Banks"; his exposure of our higher education in the account of the Colleges of Unreason, with their "hypothetical" language; his revelations about the mythological figures which the Erewhonians worshipped but did not believe in; and his approving comment on Goddess Ydgrun, whom we take to mean Good Sense or Good Form,—all these inventions are deadly thrusts at civilization as it exists to-day.

But the most important thing in the book is the

theory as to the danger of machinery. While Butler was in New Zealand he wrote and published there an essay entitled "Darwin among the Machines," and this became the germ of "Erewhon." Briefly, the theory is that machines tend to become a super-race which will in time enslave and crush out the men who make them. The Erewhonians are convinced of this, and destroy all their up-to-date machinery. We think that Swift would have demonstrated the horror of these Frankenstein monsters in a more concrete way than Butler has done; but the latter is to be credited with foreseeing a long time ago a very real danger which threatens humanity. Machines may never acquire mind and volition, as he suggests they will, but without that they can come near to ruining humanity.

On the whole, we must take leave of Samuel Butler with assurances of distinguished respect. He was perhaps too much of a scientist to be a great philosopher, and too much of a dilettante to be a great scientist, but as a satirist he has hit the blot again and again. The grim irony with which the hero of "Erewhon" is made to tell his project for capturing and selling into slavery his kindly Erewhonian hosts, in order that they may be converted to Christianity, is worthy of Swift himself.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

GENIUS IN THE TREADMILL is always a pathetic spectacle, however beneficial it may ultimately prove to soaring genius to be forcibly held down to earth for a certain disciplinary period. In the letters (reviewed on another page) of him who, as Mr. Gilder expressed it in his fine tribute to the poet, gave us "the thrill of a brave new song" and "lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long," we have frequent glimpses of the songster fretting at the necessity that holds him a bond-slave in the "Chicago themery"—this, of course, refers to his instructorship in English at the University of Chicago—when he longs to go "galumphing o'er twin-peaked Parnassus." A few passages from the letters will fill in this picture of William Vaughn Moody beating, with not quite impotent hands, the bars of his prison cell. He did gain his freedom after some years of drudgery, but meanwhile he eased the tension by many a half-serious, half-humorous, and always amusingly extravagant outburst like the following: "If my lines were cast in other places,—even other places in this gigantic ink-blot of a town—I could make shift to enjoy my breath. I should make a very happy and efficient peanut-vender on Clark or Randolph Street, because the rush and noise of the blood in the city's pulse would continually solicit and engage me. The life of a motor-man is not without exhilarating and even romantic features, and an imaginative boot-black is lord of unskirted realms." Again, referring to some vacation hack-writing, he says: "Promptly at 9 o'clock each morning I put on blinders, stuff my ears with wax, and strap myself to the desk, in order to do my day's stint on a text-book on English Literature (God save the mark!) which I have to get a certain portion of done this month." A later letter shows the writer once more at his post. "It has been the very devil to get down to work again, after my long and keenly-relished holiday. Chicago seemed uglier and grimmer than I had believed possible. There was nothing to do but shut my eyes, put my sensibilities in the lower drawer, and sail in. Gradually the beneficent numbness of drudgery is stealing over me, and that unilluminated dogged patience which constitutes my substitute for moral courage is beginning to possess what in other seasons I am wont to refer to exuberantly as my soul." Moody was never lacking in "sand" (a favorite term of his), and moreover he was supported by an underlying sense of the essential fairness of the fates in their dealings with him, as witness the following: "Chicago is several kinds of hell, but I won't weary you with asseverations that I am being shamefully victimized by fate; you wont believe it, and besides it's a lie. I am merely paying the market rates for my bread and beer, commodities for which many a better man has been villainously overcharged."

. . .

LINGUISTIC VANDALISM works its ravages in every age and clime, asserts the sagely observant author of "New Letters of an Idle Man" (noticed more particularly in another column). A paragraph from a letter of his written in 1885 is even more timely now than it was then. He writes: "I was amazed by the extracts from your German friend's letter; and besides, they were interesting as showing how prone is the human mind in all countries to the same kind of idiocies in regard to spelling and that kind of thing, although at present there is doubtless less *Blödsinn* on the whole in Germany than among us Americans, who in regard to the English language seem to me obstinately bent upon *improving* it the wrong way. Let us *add* what we will to the language, but let us not *change* it: for no good can come of *change:* nay, rather much harm: for do we not thus lose connection with the Past? and all our magnificent Earlier Literature is swept into the limbo of Gibberish,—the limbo I mean like unto that in which Chaucer doth languish. By all means take up this topic in your next Monthly Lecture. The topic is of ethical import. It connects itself with the sanctity of Inherited Good, and the vast moral blessing of having conscious root in the Past. It is only gorillas that devour their own offspring, only savages that pass away without leaving trace of their existence. Deepening and preserving race-consciousness, so to speak, is of ethical import. The more civilized is a race, the more it will keep in its consciousness the whole sweep of its Past. To *preserve* the language is to preserve this sweep of the Past. What good does it do to write scepter instead of sceptre? go on in this way and a book two hundred years old is a strange thing to us; keep on writing *sceptre* and we keep on being conscious of

possessing the whole Past of our Literature as an integral and familiar possession." That was uttered two decades before the bursting of the storm now venting its fury—impotently, let us hope—on our written speech. One can imagine how much more vehemently the writer would express himself on the same subject to-day.

* * *

Two views of Plato, strikingly opposite, chanced to present themselves in two notable books that were recently taken up for recreation and refreshment, and they well illustrate in how great a measure the subjective element enters into all appraisal of books and authors. In Professor Oscar Kuhns's "Story of my Intellectual Life" (the subtitle and the more accurately descriptive title of his "One-Sided Autobiography"), memorable among the books of the year, he says, in comparing Emerson and Plato: "Similar to this feeling of intense delight which I have found in Emerson is my experience with Plato, only in a far deeper sense; for the faults of Emerson—loose connection, staccato style, lack of philosophical system—are absent from the Greek, whose dialogues are as marvellous in regard to form, wit, gentle humor, and dramatic and poetic power, as they are true, deep, far-reaching, and fraught, on every page, with a sense of the abiding and eternal." In contrast with the emphasis here laid upon Plato's "form," his freedom from "loose connection" and from "lack of philosophical system," there must now be cited a passage from the second book referred to above, the elaborate "Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett," by Dr. Evelyn Abbott and Dr. Lewis Campbell, in which it is said of Plato in Jowett's translation that "he was brought before us in his strength and his weakness: the poetry, the imagination, the elevation of thought shone out through the English; and on the other hand the sophistry of argument, the uncertainty and indefiniteness of the conclusions, the contradiction of various points of view, were not less apparent." This is not quite so strong as Mr. Frederic Harrison's outspoken verdict, already quoted by us: "I care for Plato's metaphysics as little as I care for the rhapsodical gammon of Professor Bergson or Miss Marie Corelli"; but it certainly conveys a different impression of Plato's peculiar merits from that gained in reading Professor Kuhns. Luckily, however, we can all go directly to Plato himself.

* * *

Library lessons for the public, but without entrance examination or graduation certificate, are among the possibilities of the future; yes, even among the actualities of the present. In the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin" Miss Maud van Buren describes certain new and promising "publicity methods" that are being tried in various places. For instance, "interest in the new public library of St. Louis continues to such an extent, and so many visitors desire to be shown through the building, that it has been decided to give special attention to visitors on one evening in every month. On that evening an effort is made to show the whole building to visitors, including parts of it that are not usually open to the public, such as the stock room, the catalogue and work rooms, the bindery, etc." Then follow some suggestions. "Why not, in the case of a new building, attracting many visitors, make these special evenings occasions for taking your public into your confidence? The layman knows little of the 'inner workings' of a library, and because of his ignorance he is likely to undervalue its importance and the work of the librarian. Here is an opportunity to explain the various processes through which a book must go before the patron gets it. The arrangement of the books on the shelves, special collections, the use of the catalogue, the Reader's guide, the clipping and picture collections, and other features not on the surface, might have attention called to them at this time." This throwing open of the penetralia and laying bare of the sacred mysteries would have horrified all librarians a century ago and some librarians even a quarter-century ago; but, as has already been remarked by someone else, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

* * *

The first Rollo book was not, as many might suppose, written by Jacob Abbott; it was the product of Xenophon's pen, and was called "Cyropædia." So we are informed by Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., who writes of the innocent cause of our schoolboy tears and groans over the "Anabasis" in an article entitled "A Gentleman of Athens," which appears in the October "Yale Review." Rollo was a royal personage in the Greek initial number of the Rollo series. His name was Cyrus, and he became King of Persia. He had some of the traits of the best New England ancestry, and he was always punctual to the second with his beautifully appropriate platitudes. Inured to the rigors of a rather meagrely-spread board at home, whenever he was sent on a visit to his opulent grandpa, the King of Media, he was treated to goodies without stint by that indulgent old gentleman. But in true Rolloesque fashion Cyrus would remark: "Grandpa, what a bother your meals must be, if you have to reach for all these dishes and taste so many kinds of drinks." "What!" exclaims the astonished grandsire, "don't you find this much better than your food at home?" "Oh, no," replies Rollo; "the road to repletion is much shorter and easier with us than with you. Bread and meat take us right where we wish to go, whereas, though you are going to the same place, you travel a long way about before you get there." What could a royal grandpa reply to this? In such wise, or very nearly, does Mr. Bradford introduce us to some pleasant aspects of him who has conducted so many unwilling youths in that wearisome march up from the sea.

* * *

The Héger-Brontë correspondence, or the four recently unearthed and published letters from Charlotte Brontë to her Brussels teacher, should not too hastily be taken to prove "a consuming adoration" (the London "Book Monthly's" words) on Miss Brontë's part for Professor Héger. The

reported willingness of Monsieur Héger himself from the very first to encourage belief in such an infatuation has always disinclined the reflective to place any confidence in the absurd story; and Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," with its authoritative account of the whole affair and its citations from Charlotte Brontë's own letters to reinforce his assertions, ought to have forever silenced the gossips who found pleasure in picturing in a compromising or at least undignified attitude the author of "The Professor," the austere young woman who with her youngest sister rushed up to London on one memorable occasion to rescue her pen name and that of the other brothers "Bell" from the imputation of ever so slight a deception in the pursuit of their literary calling. Marion Harland's short and carefully-written book on Charlotte Brontë in her Haworth home gives in a few words, based on authoritative documents, all that one needs to know about the Brussels affair, and if anyone is shown in an unbecoming light it is certainly not the English literary celebrity whom the Belgian schoolmaster was not averse to having appear as subjugated by his invincible charms. So, at any rate, as the careful and conciliatory Franklin would say, it appears to us at present.

* * *

"The three best foods for fancy," said Mr. Walter R. Nursey, Inspector of Ontario Public Libraries, at the late annual convention of the Ontario Library Association, "are the spoken story, the drama, and the novel. The sanest, the most wholesome, the most accessible of these is the novel. It is as cruel to deprive a growing boy or budding girl of an abundance of wholesome, enjoyable fiction as it is to debar them from butter on their bread. But remember that a child should be taught to think of the labor it has cost to produce a book. Never to turn down its leaves, never to place it upon the table face downward, and never to read with dirty or inky fingers." Then followed the obvious but always timely truth that "you cannot develop heroes and heroines on 'mush.' Many children's books are too puerile in style and too limited in language." The fairy tale received high praise, perhaps too high praise, from Mr. Nursey, who quoted Dr. Felix Adler's assertion that "the faculty of putting oneself in the place of others may be cultivated by means of fairy tales," and thus the child's sympathies are "aroused in a variety of forms." True enough, but let the young reader take heed lest he be of those

> "Who, dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
> And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
> Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed."

* * *

Juvenilized science, or the simple and attractive treatment of more or less difficult subjects for the entertainment and, indirectly, the instruction of children, is something far more common in the book world to-day than it was a hundred, or fifty, or even ten years ago. "Wireless Telegraphy for Amateurs and Students" will engage the willing attention of almost any wide-awake boy; "The Child's Day" succeeds even in presenting the subject of hygiene in a manner not repulsive to children; and "Lessons for Junior Citizens" teaches the principles of civil government so that, though babes may not cry for the book, it need not draw tears from the young people who are required to read it. These three out of many such books are mentioned by Miss Elizabeth McCracken in her late work on "The American Child," in which she says, not without a little exaggeration: "It is safe to say that there is practically no subject so mature that it is not now the theme of a book, or a score of books, written especially for children. Every one of the numerous publishing houses in the United States issues yearly as many good volumes of this particular type as are submitted. A century ago a new writer was most likely to win the interest of a publisher by sending him a manuscript subtitled, 'A Novel.' At the present time a beginner can more quickly awaken the interest of a publisher by submitting a manuscript the title of which contains the words, 'For Children.'"

* * *

Deafness to the call of Italian culture is charged against the extra-Italian world by Mr. Douglas Ainslie in his "Introduction to Croce's Philosophy of the Practical," contributed to the October "North American Review." It may be well to ponder seriously, or as seriously as it deserves, his plaint that "the Alps continue to be a barrier, and the thought of France and of Germany reaches us, as a rule, far more rapidly than that of the home of all the arts and of civilization, as we may call that Italy which contains within it the classical Greater Greece. A striking instance of this relatively more rapid distribution of French thought is afforded by the celebrated *Lundis* of Sainte-Beuve, so familiar to many readers; yet a critic greater in depth than Sainte-Beuve was writing at the same period — greater in philosophical vision of the relations of things, for the vision of Sainte-Beuve rarely rose above the psychological plane. For one reader acquainted with the *History of Italian Literature* of de Sanctis, a hundred are familiar with the *Lundis* of Sainte-Beuve." Nevertheless, Mr. Ainslie finds that since the publication of his translation from the Italian philosopher named above "there has been some movement in the direction of the study of Italian thought and culture, which I advocated in the Introduction to that work." With the continuation of his scholarly undertaking, still in progress, there may be a still further turning of errant footsteps toward the home of all the arts.

* * *

The literature of special libraries, that is, the books and pamphlets — and there are likely to be more pamphlets than books — on the library shelves, is not always or often what some readers would call literature at all. It is certainly not *belles lettres*. Nevertheless, in looking over the current number of

the periodical, "Special Libraries," one meets with a few book-titles not devoid of interest even to lovers of literature not so rigidly special as that commonly handled by the special librarian. In the library of the Prudential Insurance Company, for instance, a library containing more than 150,000 volumes and pamphlets, the statistician of the company selects certain rare works for mention, the most ancient of which is the Latin treatise of 1622, "De Mercatura: Decisiones et Tractatus Varii, et de Rebus ad Eam Pertinentibus." Another venerable tome is the "Lex Mercatoria Rediviva," by Wyndham Beawes, published in London, 1752. One year earlier in date is Malachy Postlethwayt's "Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," and sufficiently ancient is John Weskett's "Complete Digest of the Theory of Insurance," London, 1781. Among early American books on insurance, the shelves of the Prudential Company hold "An Account of Charitable Corporations for the Relief of Widows and Children," Philadelphia, 1769, and the exceedingly rare "Plan of a Society for Making Provision for Widows by Annuities for the Remainder of Life," Boston, 1772. Even to such a strictly commercial theme as insurance the long, descriptive, sometimes quaint titles of eighteenth century treatises on that subject impart an interest not to be found in the curt names chosen for the publications of to-day.

* * *

FUTILE LITERARY INDUSTRY has been engaged in, the more's the pity, by thousands of penmen since the invention of writing. A visit to the British Museum reading-room, with its concentric circles of desks all filled with busy persons engaged, in most instances, in writing or in the studies preliminary to writing, must prompt the query, How much of all this flow of ink is shed to any good purpose or with any lasting result? In a recently-printed "Short History of the Library Company of Philadelphia," by Mr. George Maurice Abbot, librarian, are to be found some personal reminiscences of the writer's long connection with the famous old institution founded by Franklin and his fellow-members of the "Junto." Among these recollections occurs the following: "Queer people from time to time have made a practice of coming to the Library. . . . One was known as the old Swede; he came every day for years, kept pen and ink in the John Dickinson reading desk, and appeared to be taking notes, all day busily writing, but, strange to say, rarely asking for a book. Finally he came no more, and in the Dickinson desk was found only an old pen, some dried ink, and a roll of manuscript meaning nothing." Who knows but that, like Mr. Casaubon in "Middlemarch," he fully believed himself to be preparing an epoch-making contribution to human knowledge?

* * *

AN EMPEROR'S BOOKS may distinguish themselves from other books by means of elaborate bindings and an imperial book-plate; otherwise they are likely to be not so very different from the books in any well-appointed library. Those who attend the great book-trade exhibition at Leipzig next year will have the pleasure of viewing the library of the reigning German Emperor, a collection of about six thousand volumes, two-thirds of which have been acquired by their owner in the quarter-century since his accession. It is not a large library for a monarch, or even for a wealthy private individual, and it is considerably smaller than it would be but for the Kaiser's characteristic discard of about half the thirty-five hundred volumes handed down to him by his Hohenzollern predecessors. After eliminating what seemed to him to be mere rubbish he made from time to time additions to the extent of four thousand or more works, and the enlarged and modernized collection is now catalogued under twelve general subject-headings, — encyclopædias and dictionaries, jurisprudence, economics and social science, colonial literature, archæology and mythology, universal history, history of the Hohenzollerns, biography and correspondence, military science, geography and ethnography, German literature, and art works. The book plate to be found in each volume was, of course, "made in Germany," being designed by the artist Herr Ernst Doeppler, and shows the imperial arms with the inscription, "Ex libris Wilhelm II., Imperatoris Regis."

COMMUNICATIONS.

ALPHONSO GERALD NEWCOMER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

You will perhaps not find it amiss to give place for a few words regarding the late Professor A. G Newcomer in addition to the note in your issue of October 1. It was my good fortune to be a colleague of Mr. Newcomer's for ten years, and during a good part of that period to share the same office with him. Never was there a man more truly a colleague, as there was never one more truly a teacher. And never has there come into my experience his equal for the meekness and modesty which adorn scholarship but which are none too commonly noticed in philologist, critic, or pedagogue. His first letter to me, written before we had met, when I was about to join his department as a comparatively inexperienced teacher, was an offer to turn over to me a certain course in a subject with which he knew I had been concerned, graciously offering as reason, not the obvious fact that it was one of the few things I was competent to teach, but the belief that he had not yet found the right way to handle that difficult theme. Years later, I remember, when we were one day discussing the impatience of the younger men over the slowness with which promotions were coming, Mr. Newcomer remarked that in earlier days they had been won more easily, adding: "I have often thought how little I deserved mine." In twenty years of academic life I have never heard this sentiment uttered sincerely by any other colleague.

The same modesty of temper preserved in him that open-mindedness of outlook which keeps criticism sweet and makes possible continued acquisition and growth at an age when many scholars have ceased to do aught but reiterate and defend what they discovered when young. This temper may be exemplified by a characteristic

passage from a private letter written by Mr. Newcomer at a time when we were both doing some work on Shakespeare's sonnets — a subject where it is almost a matter of course to revile one's predecessors in the field.

"I am now engaged in reading Massey's work — a stupendous volume; a little diffuse, but so earnest and interesting I cannot skim. And though I believe Massey is quite discredited now, his theory is a most engaging one. At any rate I think I shall be repaid for perusing him, for his analysis is so exhaustive that I shall at least get a good baptism in this apparently soundless ocean. At present, you can imagine, my eyes are full of water and sand, and I am gasping for breath. I find temporary comfort in turning to Wyndham, and repeating, after him, that after all the poetry is the main thing, the story a minor matter. And yet, all those circumstantial details *must* have a story behind them."

The past year was Mr. Newcomer's sabbatical, and he spent the greater part of his absence in the Mediterranean countries. His health failed so early that he was unable to carry out a good part of the externals of his programme, and when I saw him after his return it was natural to commiserate him on the spoiling of his long-looked-for journey. But he assured me, with his always unfailing cheerfulness, that there had been no disappointment; true, he could not go about as he had hoped, or even enjoy the expected intercourse with friends, but Italy had accomplished its old ministry for his inner life, — it had been a rich experience. "I should have wished to do no differently," he said, "if I could have foreseen everything. I am wholly content with the journey, and wholly content that it is done, and that I can live with the memory, at home." There, in his California home, under his rose-vines, it was my privilege to say good-bye to him only a few days, as it proved, before the end. He had been reading a volume of Maeterlinck's tragedies when I came in, and showed it to me with his eager smile. Not just the book, I remarked, which some of us would choose as a source of good cheer in invalidism. "Perhaps not," he said, "but how beautiful!" This gust of what is beautiful — coupled always, to be sure, with discernment and restraint — made him both the teacher and the critic that he was. He fulfilled, in other words, the wise saying which he once contributed to a discussion of the teaching of English ("The Nation," vol. 85, p. 301):

"As for the inner spirit of literature, which we have so long hungered and striven to teach, may it not be largely trusted to find its way? The teacher who really feels it will never be able to conceal his feeling. The radiation that reaches him will be radiated in turn, the communicable communicated to so many as are ready to share in that grace."

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

University of Illinois, Oct. 5, 1913.

IN MEMORY OF PROFESSOR NEWCOMER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your issue of October 1 brought me the news of Professor A. G. Newcomer's death. He was my teacher in Greek in Knox College, and I could not help but contrast the fresh delight of those studies under his inspiring companionship with the shadow that falls in thinking that his work is done. What aspirations and industry under many difficulties! With these feelings I have written the little tribute to his memory which follows.

Comrade and friend, what way is yours,
What heights in heaven do you climb,
Now that the immanent flesh immures
No more your steps in space and time?

I was a boy when you were young,
When truth was ours and fame to seek;
You taught me what the Scian sung
Of fallen Troy in golden Greek.

In Spring's enchanted long ago,
In days of April cloud and sun,
We scaled Armenia's peaks of snow
Along the page of Xenophon.

Now 'tis September — in my heart,
For loss of you, an Autumn time.
Here lie the volumes of your art,
True annalist of prose and rhyme.

Your labor's done, — closed is the book,
Idle the once industrious pen,
And vacant the secluded nook
Where once you gleaned the thoughts of men.

Where the march ended was it May?
Where earth, some ocean-girdled cliff?
There, gazing, did your eye survey
Life's many-pictured hieroglyph?

Glad for the battle nobly borne,
Up to the Shadow's gorgon kiss,
To wake in some new April morn
Upon your hope's Anabasis.

The sword and shield are hard to bear,
The greaves hang heavy on the knee;
But, soldier of the soul, declare
What was your vision of the sea!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

Chicago, Oct. 2, 1913.

INDIAN CENSORSHIP.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Some of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's books about Egypt were recently ordered from the London publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, by a bookselling firm in Lahore, India. The parcel containing them was opened, Mr. Blunt's books were abstracted, and, after several months, returned mutilated to the shipper, in an unsaleable condition, certain passages having been officially marked as "objectionable." Concerning the circumstance, Mr. Blunt writes as follows to "India":

"It is a good example of the queer shifts to which a despotic Government is put which pretends not to be despotic yet governs by despotic methods. In Russia a book censorship is openly and directly exercised at the frontiers, and we, in England, call it an abuse of power when our books and periodicals are returned to us with passages officially deleted. In India the same thing is done, but the Government, by a trick, evades its responsibility. My books, it appears now, are '*not prohibited*' in India; only prevented from entering the country in a saleable condition. I would remark that the volumes in question are no new publications, but have been many years issued and gone through several editions; they contain almost nothing about India. One of the passages most freely underlined is a reprint of my poem, 'The Wind and the Whirlwind,' an ancient protest in verse against the bombardment of Alexandria, published as long ago as 1883."

ERVING WINSLOW.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 6, 1913.

The New Books.

A Poet in Epistolary Mood.*

Instead of wasting words in a vain attempt to describe the rare flavor of "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody," which the poet's intimate friend and cordial admirer, Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, has so acceptably edited, the best plan will be to give the reader some liberal tastes of the volume here and there, and then trust to his running hotfoot in quest of the complete book in order to appease the hunger to which the foretastes will have but imparted a keener edge. The feast will leave him with only one regret, that it could not have been prolonged; but he will endeavor to console himself by recalling the good old maxim, that it is better to rise from table with an appetite than with a sense of surfeit.

The letters extend over the last seventeen years of the poet's too-short life, beginning in 1892, when he was twenty-three years old, and ending in 1909, when he had just entered upon his forty-first year. First we see him fretting, good-humoredly, in the bondage of tutorship and lectureship at Harvard and Chicago, where he corrected themes, discoursed on the beauties of English poetry, and counted the days till he could throw aside blue pencil and lecture notes and woo the muse in some congenial retreat, in Italy, England, or elsewhere. In course of time, and as his efforts in poetry and the drama gained recognition, he worked himself free of the hated thraldom; but even while Pegasus wore the harness and the galls were still raw, he evidently found a sort of Carlylean relish in the very extravagance of those picturesquely emphatic epithets with which he knew so well how to depict his spiritual sufferings. For instance, he writes to Professor Robert Morss Lovett, his college mate and close friend, in this wise from Cambridge, where he was teaching English composition:

"The midyears [examinations] have left me limp as a rag, and have convinced me that, instead of an amiable divorce such as you suggest, Philology and Minerva are destined to part with mutual scorn and vituperation, if indeed their feud does not result in pistols and pillow-chokings. If you want to rescue either of them you must come on in March as you promise, for I will not answer for their lives a day later than the twentieth."

But when Cambridge had been exchanged for Chicago, the venerable elms and time-stained buildings of Harvard for the raw newness of the great western university, there was eloquent regret, a sorrow's crown of sorrow, in his vivid remembrance of happier things. To Mrs. Marks, who was then Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, he writes from the city by the lake:

"Cambridge—mellow and autumnal—begins already to take on really mythic colors — to loom symbolic, under the stress of this relentless prairie light and vast featureless horizon . . . I do not know what this place is going to do for me, but I am sure of its potency — its alchemical power to change and transmute. It is appallingly ugly for one thing — so ugly that the double curtain of night and sleep does not screen the aching sense. For another thing it is absorbing — crude juice of life — intellectual and social protoplasm Far aloft hovers phantom Poetry, no longer my delicate familiar. But I dream of another coming of hers, a new companionship more valorous and simple-hearted."

A little later we read of at least a brief visitation, in which the poem that later became "Jetsam" was conceived. "Which reminds me," he says, à propos of nothing, in a letter to Mr. Mason, "that, having a few hours last week for ecstatic contemplation of my navel, I emitted a more or less piercing yawp thereconcerning, in the form of a new treatment of the moon theme." Not only lecturing and theme-correcting, but also hack-work for publishers took the time he would fain have devoted wholly to original composition. Also, at times, the charms of some fair one seem to have disquieted him. In the following passage the "Uncle Horace" referred to is the late Mr. Scudder, for whom Moody was doing some editorial work as a pot-boiler:

"I have been brutally busy since getting back, on Uncle Horace's book, so that all my schemes of spiritual conquest are done up in moth-balls for the time being. . . . One o'clock midnight, and the morrow flames responsibility. Hire a typewriter — marry one if necessary — and we will annihilate space. I have a creature to tell you about — but a Creature!"

Six months later, to the same trusted friend, Mr. Mason, he writes again in similar strain, this time giving in prose form the substance, or rather the airy unsubstantiality, with much of the imagery, that later became "Dawn Parley," a poetic rhapsody rejected for some unknown reason when he came to make up the "Poems" of 1901. Mrs. Moody says he felt that "The Golden Journey" made it superfluous, as we learn from a note of Mr. Mason's. Here is the semi-humorous, semi-sentimental prose version:

"I have had an enormous little adventure since I wrote last. Another Girl, of course. This time a Westerner *par excellence* — a Californian, dating mentally from the age of Rousseau and Chateaubriand, with geysers and cloud bursts of romanticism, not to say

*Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody. Edited, with an Introduction, by Daniel Gregory Mason. With portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

sentimentality; dating spiritually from the Age of Gold, or some remoter purity, some Promethean dawn, some first foam-birth in hyperborean seas. She likes Gibson's drawings, adores Munsey's, and sings 'Don't be Cross, Dear' with awful unction. After this you will not believe me when I say that she gave me the most unbearable shiver of rapture at recognition of essential girlhood that I for a long time remember. Well, have you ever slept under the same roof with such a person, in the country, and wakened at that moment before dawn when in the 'spectral uncompounded light' the spirit is least capable of defense, when it feels only a membrane separating it from the shock of joy and woe as they stream from the passionate dayspring, and have you felt the sense of that common shelter like a caress, heard through walls and doors the rise and fall of her breast as an ineffable rhythm swaying the sun? If you have you can realize the gone feeling that possessed me when she said (interpreting my own gloomy guess) that my kind was not her kind, that my language was not her language, and that her soul could only be studious to avoid mine, as the bird flying southward in spring avoids the hunter. I bowed assent and came home. I now nurse memories and grow elegiac."

Less than a month afterward he writes again to the same correspondent, enclosing what he calls "a reaction on a recent notable Experience." To complete this little story of a poem in the making, let us reproduce the verses, especially as they are omitted from the familiar collection of his works. The title, as already stated, is "Dawn Parley."

"I woke upon the edge of day,
The east was wild with racing light,
All meek and wild my spirit lay
Star-shaken with delight.

"I said, 'This moment she doth wake
Within the chamber next but one,
She sees the morning-glory shake
Its trumpets to the sun.'

"A bird that had his headstrong say
Outside my casement, frilled and went;
All wild and wan my spirit lay
With sudden anguish rent.

"For yesternight I laid my brain
And all my soul's dim banded powers
Open to her, who said, 'Tis plain
Thy ways are none of ours.

"'Though nobly good to thine and thee,
To us thy ways are strange and drear;
I go with my sweet friends to be,
And thou must tarry here.'

"Above the hurry of the light
All meek and wild my spirit hung,
From the far hills I scared the night
And in the zenith sung,

"'O! playmates of her heedless hours,
Her eyes ye never more may see:
My brain and all my soul's dim powers
Possess her utterly.'"

So bold and dexterous an artist in words as Moody one will not meet again in many months. There is notable pruning of extravagances as years sober the mind, but to the very end he was panting to achieve fresh triumphs in the manner of handling his medium. He says to one of his friendly critics: "I think you are not tolerant enough of the instinct for conquest in language, the attempt to push out its boundaries, to win for it continually some new swiftness, some rare compression, to distil from it a more opaline drop."

Mr. Mason's Introduction, written in loyal affection and admiration for his friend, forms an important part of the volume, and has no little of the glow and shimmer of the pages that follow. In speaking of Moody's endless pains with the manuscript of his poems, his corrections upon corrections, layers deep, Mr. Mason likens his much-emended lines to "the pediments of ruined temples, with columns of words rising at irregular intervals to unequal heights"—exciting a natural query in the reader whether *pediment* is not here inadvertently made to do duty for *pedestal* or some similar word. On the whole, it is a satisfaction, a delight even, to have this volume of Moody's informal prose, as an object lesson in the making of a poet and a commentary on some of his poems. Its high-hearted, vigorous, always finely imaginative style cannot but make young readers rejoice in their youth, and older ones feel their thinner blood pulsing a little more quickly in their veins. Two portraits of Moody in his early manhood, with a facsimile page of his manuscript, enrich the volume.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE PIVOTAL PERIOD OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

The task of continuing the late John C. Ropes's admirable work on the Civil War, two volumes of which had appeared at the time of the author's death in 1899, was assigned to Colonel William Roscoe Livermore; and the first instalment of the continuation has recently been published in two volumes, covering the campaigns of 1863 up to July 10. Colonel Livermore is an officer of the United States army, a member of the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, and the author of several

*THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. By William Roscoe Livermore. (In continuation of the work of John Codman Ropes.) Volume III., The Campaigns of 1863 to July 10, together with the Operations on the Mississippi from April, 1862. In two parts, with maps and plans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

books on the art and science of war. There is every evidence that his work is as careful and painstaking in method, as full and unbiased in treatment, as the most exacting critic might require. The official records of the Union and Confederate armies have been studied and digested with all diligence; and, as far as the present reviewer can judge, every other trustworthy source of importance has been consulted and properly evaluated. It may be said at once that Colonel Livermore has shown himself worthy to continue the work of Colonel Ropes, whose untimely death left his task but well begun.

The author's point of view, as stated in the Introduction, is frankly warlike. He says:

"In the struggle for existence, great nations are crowding upon each other. Universal peace will not be possible until conflicting interests shall have been adjusted All nations but our own are preparing for defense. By neglecting to bear our share of the burden, we are insulting the rest of the civilized world upon whom we now rely for our safety in the hope that each nation will hold the other in check, and save us from all trouble and expense. . . . The history of the Civil War is useful in keeping alive the military interest of the present generation so that the next may have some civil history to record."

On this reasoning one should regret the extraordinary "peace developments" of the last few months; for if all the nations should continue their arbitration agreements and expand the operations of the Hague tribunal, it would seem that the "necessary wars" may not come, and in that case succeeding generations will have no civil history to record. It is an interesting result of military thinking in the United States that the Civil War should now be regarded as a thing for which thanks should be rendered, since it has been the means of keeping alive the warlike passions, or at any rate a pride in successful conflict.

In volume one of this second part of the general work of Ropes and Livermore there is a careful analysis of the positions of the contending forces in the Civil War. The importance to both sides of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Richmond is clearly shown. The difficulties of the tasks of the contending generals are made more evident than in previous works. As to the numbers of men engaged, there is no disposition to under-estimate the Federals and over-estimate the Confederates,—a weakness of most writers on the war. Colonel Livermore places the Union strength on January 1, 1863, at 547,100 men, the Confederate at 272,100. That is to say, the armies of Grant, Rosencranz, and Hooker were more than twice as strong in human material as those of Pemberton, Bragg, and Lee. This is almost conceding the contention of the South that it was outnumbered "three to one." English military critics, like Henderson and Wood and Edmonds, in their admirable studies of the war, have made similar estimates. It is clear to all that the long-standing quarrel between North and South as to numbers of men engaged is about to terminate with judgment in favor of the Southern claims.

Of the commanders and their personal qualifications, Colonel Livermore says less than might be wished; but it must be recalled that Ropes has already given us many character sketches of the leading generals,—though he wrote with less sympathy for the Southerners than the present author would have shown. Lee receives some attention, and his place of primacy among all the generals of the war is acknowledged,– he is characterized as "the greatest captain of his age." General Grant is not so highly praised, though his work at Vicksburg is compared to that of Napoleon at Ulm. It should be said, however, that this comparison is quoted from Halleck, and is not offered as the author's opinion. Pemberton had no conception of the problem which it was his business to solve at Vicksburg; nor does Joseph E. Johnston win from Colonel Livermore any of the high praise which General Sherman awarded him after the war was over.

The battle of Gettysburg receives the most detailed study and analysis, about one-fifth of the work being given to the account of that sanguinary conflict. The claim is made and ably supported that Meade in Pennsylvania, and not Grant at Vicksburg, secured the life of the American nation, because Lee "bore the fortunes of the Confederacy on his saddle bow," and he who struck at Lee and his army struck at the true objective. The number of men who took part in the battle are again given according to the disputed Confederate estimates,– that is, Meade had 96,000 and Lee only 76,000. These figures are not very different from those cited by Mr. Rhodes, the general historian of the war. The question of who was to blame for the Confederate disaster on the third day of the battle is no nearer a settlement in Colonel Livermore's pages than it has been before. The Englishmen, Wood and Edmonds, in their brief but admirable work, say bluntly that Longstreet must bear the blame; and they go so far as to criticize Lee because he failed to order a court martial. This is the view of most Southern writers,—though

Lee never gave an opinion on the subject, either in his report of the battle or, as far as the present reviewer has been able to ascertain, in his later conversations or private correspondence. In fact, the great Confederate general assumed responsibility for all the errors of that fatal day; and in view of the unparalleled boldness of some of his orders this seems not unjust, as Colonel Livermore makes plain. In this, the keen and discerning Southern general, E. P. Alexander, chief of artillery of the Confederate army, sustains the author; and most Northern writers are of the same opinion. Gettysburg was the gigantic blunder of a great soldier. The reason is plain. Lee had beaten McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker in quick succession; he thought himself invincible and his army thought itself invincible, and both army and commander stood ready for any hazardous task. The Southern people also spurred their greatest war machine onward, seeking battle on Northern soil and expecting victory. The outcome is known to everyone: the Confederacy there began its downward career.

Meade's failure to attack Lee on the 4th of July is explained by Colonel Livermore much to the credit of the sturdy Northern leader. He knew the risk, and dreaded the effect on Northern opinion of a possible defeat. He and his officers were so accustomed to defeat that they thought it best to maintain the prestige won by the three-days' fighting, and endeavor thus to reinspire the Northern people, who had grown sick of disaster. This is the reasoning which Colonel Livermore thinks occupied the mind of Meade. Other writers have made out the same case for the hero of Gettysburg, and possibly this is the correct view. But it admits the interpretation that the head of a victorious army, a third stronger than the defeated foe, was afraid of Lee; that victory had not been expected, and that the risk of a second encounter was too great to take. It shows the prestige of the Southern commander, and tends to prove that the war was not so near its end as is claimed by the very men who justify Meade. In war much depends upon a single throw of the dice, and it was altogether likely that the army of Northern Virginia would yet regain its high position and win the coveted Southern independence.

There are many interesting questions raised in these pages which one would like to discuss at length, did space permit. It only remains to say that all who desire a fair and straightforward account of the military movements of 1863 need but turn to these volumes. And all who know the earlier work of Colonel Ropes will rejoice that the same spirit and the same keen intelligence which distinguished the author of the first part of the work also pervade the pages of Colonel Livermore's continuation.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

JANE AUSTEN'S HOME LIFE.*

Jane Austen is in the foreground again. As a matter of fact, "poor little Jane," as some unfriendly critics have gratuitously called her, has never been very far in the background at any time during the past thirty or forty years. Since the publication in 1870 of the Memoir by her nephew, J. E. Austen-Leigh, no less than eight biographies of the novelist have appeared, to say nothing of introductions, sketches, criticisms, and appreciations, which it might be difficult to count. It may be of interest to add that at least ten important editions of the novels have been published since 1880. Now we have a fresh narrative of Jane Austen's life,—a "Family Record" as its authors describe it,—by the son and the grandson of the author of the Memoir. It is a volume of four hundred pages, with a charming portrait and with an appendix which contains variant readings and corrections of the text of the novels, also a partial bibliography.

The publication of this work is justified by its authors on the ground that the earlier narrative failed to take account of Jane Austen's life on its emotional and romantic side; moreover, as they claim, its author "hardly knew how much she had gone into society, or how much, with a certain characteristic aloofness, she had enjoyed it"; and, thirdly, the uneventful nature of the author's life they think has been exaggerated. These are interesting points certainly, and thoroughly important; for tradition has imaged Jane Austen as unromantic and unemotional, shut in by the narrow environment of a small and isolated Hampshire village, leading a secluded life, with few social opportunities, shy, ignorant of the world and indifferent to its great events.

The early home of Jane Austen at Steventon does naturally suggest retirement if not isolation. It is in a shallow valley among low-lying hills; the rectory, elm-shaded, is at the end of a row of cottages; the church, small and solitary but

*JANE AUSTEN: HER LIFE AND LETTERS. A Family Record. By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. With portrait. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

interesting because of its age (it dates from the tenth or eleventh century), stands beyond the village; aged hawthorns blossom in the churchyard, and a lone yew, as ancient as the church, droops above the graves. This was Jane Austen's home for five and twenty years; here she planned and wrote "Northanger Abbey" and the sketches, later revised and amplified in "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice." We think instinctively of that other rectory at Haworth where the Brontës, a generation later, lived their precocious childhood; but the atmosphere of the Yorkshire moors was different from that of the Hampshire downs, and there was nothing abnormal in the life at Steventon rectory. Rev. George Austen was a man of placid disposition, serenely tempered; Mrs. Austen was positive, shrewd, determined. From her mother, Jane inherited her acute insight into character, her energy and her sense of humor; her refinement of intellect, her appreciation of literary achievement, and her serenity came from her father. There were eight children in the home, of whom Jane was the seventh; her oldest brother was ten years her senior, and Cassandra, her only sister, was two years older than herself. Thus closely drawn together by their ages, the two sisters were inseparable until death parted them, each regarding the other as her second self. It was a pleasant country home, with a touch of the farm in its activities. The Rector kept his horses, and Mrs. Austen supervised a dairy and a poultry yard. The boys were enthusiastic lovers of sport; two of them afterward entered the navy and each attained the rank of admiral. While the girls were still young the older brothers had completed their course at Oxford and were at home assisting in the education of the sisters. Jane was given a taste of boarding-school life between the ages of seven and nine, but she appears rather to have accompanied Cassandra because she could not endure the separation from her sister than for any more serious purpose. It was always a reading household, and reference is frequent in the memoir to the books and authors of the day. The children were fond of amateur theatricals, and acted plays with elaborate preparation, using the barn as a theatre in summer, the dining-room in winter.

Socially, the Austens were the most important family in the village; they enjoyed the best society in the countryside, and exercised a liberal hospitality in the entertainment of friends and relatives. Their circle of acquaintances was large, and life was far from dull. As Cassandra and Jane grew older they found apparently no lack of amusement such as naturally appeals to young people, in the way of parties, balls, and the regular monthly assembly held at Basingstoke. Under date of January 9, 1796, Jane writes to her sister, in a characteristically lively strain:

> "You scold me so much in the nice long letter which I have this moment received from you, that I am almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together. I *can* expose myself, however, only *once more*, because he leaves the country soon after next Friday, on which day we *are* to have a dance at Ashe after all. He is a very gentlemanlike, good-looking, pleasant young man, I assure you. But as to our having ever met, except at the three last balls, I cannot say much; for he is so excessively laughed at about me at Ashe, that he is ashamed of coming to Steventon, and ran away when we called on Mrs. Lefroy a few days ago."

The youth referred to, Tom Lefroy, was the nephew of a dear friend of the Austens, the wife of the rector in the neighboring parish of Ashe. This "very gentlemanlike, good-looking, pleasant young man" was afterward Chief Justice of Ireland; he was not the hero of Jane Austen's one actual romance.

It will be readily seen that Jane Austen's girlhood was by no means solitary, nor was it quite untouched by the stimulus of outside events. Two years previous to the date of the letter quoted here, the quiet life of the rectory was disturbed by an incident which must have brought the grim tragedy of the French Revolution very forcibly to the imagination of this impressionable girl, then eighteen. A cousin of the Austens had married a French nobleman who, in 1794, was guillotined at Paris. His wife, the countess, had been intimately associated with the family at Steventon, had visited them shortly before her husband's arrest, and may possibly have been at Steventon when the execution took place.

Moreover, we must not think of the experiences even of these earlier years as limited by the narrow boundaries of a country village. Jane had had her first glimpse of London at twelve years of age. There were numerous connections of the family with whom visits were constantly being exchanged. One of the elder brothers settled in London, another inherited an extensive estate in Kent. Cassandra and Jane were often in these homes, sometimes together, sometimes singly, and a varied society was thus opened to them. The popular and lively resort of Bath was distant but two days' easy travel by post chaise. A brother of Mrs. Austen, a gentleman of ample means and ad-

dicted to gout, was frequently at Bath, and it was a common occurrence for Jane and Cassandra to be entertained by their uncle and aunt. That Miss Austen made effective use of what she observed in the society of this lively resort is evident to her readers. In 1801, on account of the Rector's failing health, the home at Steventon was broken up and the entire family removed to Bath, residing there until after Mr. Austen's death in 1805. It was probably about the period of this change in their affairs that the one serious romantic episode occurred in the life of the novelist. The facts are obscure; the circumstances, even the name of Jane's lover, are unknown. The meeting apparently took place one summer when Jane and Cassandra were at the seashore; the gentleman died of some sudden illness within a few months of the beginning of their acquaintance. By a strange coincidence, Cassandra's only love-affair was terminated in the same pathetic way.

Jane Austen's literary activities began early; she had written stories and dramatic sketches before she was sixteen, but these contained nothing notable except their style, which was pure and simple; the sense of humor which they betrayed was already keen. In later life Miss Austen expressed the wish that she had read more and written less; there is, however, no good reason why we should coincide in this opinion, which was, after all, only a bit of advice to a little girl of twelve over-fond of scribbling. At all events Jane slipped easily into the first stages of serious composition before she was twenty. The family were great novel-readers, — "and not ashamed of being so." The name of Jane Austen appears in the list of subscribers to "Camilla," published in 1796. It is even possible that she may have met Madame d'Arblay, who, from 1793 to 1797, lived in the adjoining county of Surrey, a neighbor and intimate friend of cousins of the Austens with whom Jane visited. In "Sense and Sensibility" one may find traces perhaps of the author's interest in "Evelina." The fact that Jane's first version of her novel, the "Elinor and Marianne," followed the epistolary form is significant of the writer's respect for these earlier English novels, — especially for the works of Richardson.

Jane Austen was singularly objective in all her literary work. She never intrudes. There is a reminiscence of her own early efforts at self-education in the account of Elizabeth Bennet's girlhood, and a reminder of her own feelings at the breaking-up of the home at Steventon in the grief of Marianne at leaving Norland. There is also a suggestion of the school days at Reading in the description of Mrs. Goddard's school in "Emma." The only probable portrait is that of one of the sailor brothers in the character of William Price, in "Mansfield Park"; but these are almost the only allusions of a purely personal nature in all her works. Writing to her sister in 1798, she speaks severely of a certain novel which offended her literary sense in this respect.

"Never did any book carry more internal evidence of its author. Every sentiment is completely Egerton's. There is very little story, and what there is is told in a strange, unconnected way. There are many characters introduced, apparently merely to be delineated."

This criticism is particularly interesting as it antedates the revision of her first two novels, and was written while she was busy on the first draft of "Northanger Abbey."

The last eight years of Jane Austen's life were spent at Chawton, where Mrs. Austen and her daughters lived in a pleasant country house on the estate of one of her sons. Not far from Steventon, the scene of her first productive period, the novelist here resumed her literary work with serious purpose. It was at Chawton that her first two novels were finally prepared for the press, and here that "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion" were written. In the general sitting-room at Chawton, Miss Austen did most of her literary work, subject to interruptions from servants, children, and visitors, writing on small sheets of paper which could be easily slipped under her blotting-pad whenever the creaking swing-door gave notice that anyone was coming. Modest and shy in regard to her work, and altogether indifferent to fame, she evaded publicity; few outside the circle of her relatives learned her secret while she lived.

At this day it is unnecessary to discuss Jane Austen's place in literature, or to weigh her work to estimate its values, human or artistic. She herself once spoke of "the little bit, two inches wide, of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush, as produces little effect after much labor"; no one has described her process better. She used material which was familiar and which she understood; she loved the field in which she found it. To her niece, whose literary ambition had found expression at an early age, she said:

"You are now collecting your people delightfully, getting them exactly into such a spot as is the delight of my life. Three or four families in a country village is the very thing to work on, and I hope you will write

a great deal more, and make full use of them while they are so favorably arranged."

Such depreciation of Miss Austen's accomplishment as exists is based upon what she did *not* do rather than upon what she did, — an unsound basis for criticism of one who achieved so much. One might justly criticise her favorite poets, Cowper and Crabbe, because they did not write otherwise than they did.

The "Life and Letters" now published has its chief merit in bringing the youth of Jane Austen and the period of her first literary development more vividly to light. In giving proper emphasis to the emotional and social side of her nature the authors of the book have really helped us to understand her better; there is no question that they have corrected some erroneous impressions regarding this most interesting personality.

W. E. Simonds.

Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture.*

The receding waves of enthusiasm for single architectural styles or for a restricted hierarchy of styles are laying bare a broad margin for appreciation and legitimate individual preference. The day is still not wholly past when critics, by rigid exclusion of all architecture not perfect in structural expression, limit their admiration to the Greek and the Gothic, or even to the masterpieces of these styles, the Parthenon and the cathedral of Amiens. An increasing tolerance, the result of keener vision, is now, however, permitting the enrollment of one exonerated style after another under the old shibboleth "Reason in Architecture." The motto has not been changed, but the reasons accepted are more numerous and varied. Roman architecture, Renaissance, baroque, and modern architecture, all have been recently defended, and, if not wholly free from the stigma of incomplete structural logic, have been justified as possessing high qualities.

In his latest work, "Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture," Mr. Thomas Graham Jackson, the veteran English architect and writer, appears as one of the champions of these two relatively neglected styles, which, though they have escaped positive condemnation, have usually been contrasted unfavorably with the Gothic. Instances could be multiplied in which he contravenes the traditional view. Speaking of the French Romanesque of Auvergne, he says: "After spending some weeks among the robust round-arched churches that we have been describing, one finds the Gothic of the cathedral of Clermont thin and unsatisfactory . . . one misses the broad simplicity, the generous solidity of column, arch, and wall, the grandeur of unbroken surface that gives the earlier Romanesque a dignity, and at the same time a geniality that one fails to find in the more scientific construction of the later style." Again, in the concluding chapter: "Inferior as they are in science, the solidity of the Romanesque buildings with their sturdy columns and massive proportions will often satisfy the artist eye better than the more slender and ingenious constructions of a later day, when the architect economized substance almost as closely as the engineer."

That this is not an isolated preference, but an instance of changing critical sentiment, is illustrated by similar relaxation of purist rigors against Roman architecture, from which the Romanesque took its departure.

"It is quite true that ornament rises in value in proportion as it illustrates and emphasizes the construction; and the converse is also true that ornament is indefensible when it falsifies or conceals it. But to the latter charge, at all events, the Roman architect need not plead guilty: his wall decoration by columns and entablatures deceives nobody; no one would take them for the main supports of the building. . . . It does not do to apply the canon of utility too rigidly to every decorative feature in architecture. The objection which is raised against Roman architecture on Ruskinite principles might with equal force be taken to much that we admire in Gothic. . . . The Gothic spire itself is an extravagance if we look merely to its original function as a covering to the tower. While on the one hand we should try to make decoration as significant as we can, it is clear that if the test of utility is pedantically enforced, there will be an end of architecture altogether."

It is by a freedom from bigotry and preconception, of which this ability to see freshly is an evidence, that Mr. Jackson makes his chief contribution to the discussion of his subject.

In other ways the book is often disappointing. The author frequently seems unaware of current controversies which one might reasonably expect to find discussed. The only reference to purposed irregularities, or refinements, in the laying out of the buildings considered is a brief mention of those in the façade of the cathedral of Pisa, based upon Ruskin's early observations. With Mr. William H. Goodyear's extended researches on this monument and the others of its group he seems unacquainted. Mr. Goodyear's demonstration, published some years ago, that the campanile at Pisa was from

*Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture. By Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A. In two volumes. Illustrated. Cambridge University Press. University of Chicago Press, American agents.

the beginning intended to lean was sufficiently plausible to convince many scholars, including those attached to the Italian government, yet Mr. Jackson speaks simply of the "accident" of its leaning. It is interesting to note, however, that he, like Mr. Goodyear, considers the inclination an artistic merit, and thus furnishes a disinterested corroboration of the motive assigned for building the tower in this manner. Of Professor C. H. Moore's ideas on mediæval church architecture and the origins of Gothic he seems equally unregardful. To treat the pointed arch as the fundamental differentia of Gothic seems nowadays rather naive.

These instances open the way to a general discussion of Mr. Jackson's method and its bearing on the value of his work. His confessed limitation to buildings, or at least to classes of buildings, which he has visited and studied himself is praiseworthy for caution, but makes the work a partial collection of monographs rather than a well rounded history. This would not be so serious if seeming unfamiliarity with some of the omitted classes of monuments did not tend to impair the authority of certain of his generalizations. Discussion of the reciprocal influences of Byzantium and Italy without thorough knowledge of the churches of Greece and of South Italy can scarcely carry conviction. The great amount of matter descriptive of single monuments included tends to obscure the general historic outline. Much of it, though doubtless based on personal observation, merely repeats information which is common property, and even when fresh facts are presented it is questionable if the place and the manner of presentation are of the best. A series of topographical works for the local styles most discussed, such as the Byzantine of Constantinople and Salonica, or the Romanesque of Great Britain, similar to the same author's admirable "Dalmatia," would seem a more suitable form.

Freed from the mass of description, the historical introductions and summaries emerge as the most interesting parts of the book. By newer or better readings of history, they often healthily correct superficial views advanced by previous historians of the relation of art to environment. Among such suggestive analyses, those of the condition of Italy in post-Roman times, and of the circumstances surrounding the building of the great French churches seem especially just.

The illustrations show few unfamiliar monuments, but they are frequently taken from unhackneyed points of view and show details which are little known. The author's sketches, some of them made more than fifty years ago, have often an added value through showing buildings as they formerly stood. The richness of sketchbooks from which such an uncontemplated selection could be made is a testimony to the breadth of personal observation on which Mr. Jackson so much depends. The expressed prejudice against photography, however, is scarcely borne out by the relative clearness and superior authenticity of the photographs reproduced.

As covering the same general field, the book invites comparison with Mr. Arthur Kingsley Porter's recent work, "Mediæval Architecture," though this latter is intentionally confined to styles in the main line of development towards Gothic. Mr. Porter's thread of narrative and generalization is much easier to follow than Mr. Jackson's; his descriptions of single monuments are wisely relegated to appended lists. With its rich provision of bibliographies and abstracts from archæological literature, it resembles the German "Handbücher," summarizing the state of knowledge concerning its subject. Mr. Jackson's book, in contrast, is essentially personal, and derives its mellowness from years of life and experience. Though difficult to classify as to form, it is welcome as preserving a knowledge of the buildings discussed which is scarcely to be equalled for intimacy among our own generation or the generation of our fathers.

SIDNEY FISKE KIMBALL.

DIVERSE ASPECTS OF BOTANY.*

The title of Professor F. W. Oliver's recent volume, "Makers of British Botany," should rather have been, "British Makers of Botany." The book contains brief biographies of men who did indeed live in Britain, but who studied the botany of the world. For this reason, the work is of interest, not only in the British Islands, but wherever students have occasion to follow in the footsteps of such illustrious masters as the Hookers, father and son, Lindley, Harvey, Berkeley, Williamson, and the rest. The chapters have been written by various well-known botanists, and with two exceptions

* MAKERS OF BRITISH BOTANY. Edited by F.W. Oliver. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LIVING PLANT. By William F. Ganong. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

POPULAR BOTANY. By A. E. Knight and Edward Step. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

each is devoted primarily to the life of a single man. There is some advantage in this, since each author is discussed by one who is expert in the branch of botany he especially cultivated; but taken all together, the treatment necessarily lacks continuity and unity. Perhaps the strongest impression gained after reading this series of biographies is that science progresses in very different ways and through the labors of very different men. In one case we observe what seems like a dignified and orderly pageant of progress; in another, erratic and irregular outbursts, in which real contributions to knowledge are mixed with quite other matters. Here we see the eminent official, honored and well paid; there the patient amateur, who does what he can, for the love of it, in the intervals of a busy life. All have scientific zeal; but their other possessions, mental and material, may be infinitely diverse. All who would be students should read such a book as this, if only to perceive that the aristocratic level in science cuts nearly at right angles to the more familiar social strata. It is this which stultifies even academic distinctions in the long run.

Dr. William F. Ganong, professor of botany in Smith College, has long been known as an ardent and independent worker, especially devoted to the pedagogy of his subject. He now extends the scope of his endeavor, and produces a book, "The Living Plant," designed not for experts, or even for college classes, but for the great multitude of those who desire a readable and intelligible account of the principles of botany. So, he says, "I have been at more pains to be clear than to be brief, assuming on the part of my reader no great knowledge of the subject, but a large willingness to take trouble to learn." He has also frankly faced the philosophical questions underlying all biological studies, and arrives at a position which he calls "supervitalism." To those who see only mechanism in all life-phenomena, this attitude will be abhorrent, and Dr. Ganong will be accused of exhibiting superficial vagueness in place of the precision expected of a scientific man. Others will remember that the great root of superstition has been the desire to find simple explanations, short-cuts to the understanding of nature's mysteries. Hearing in thunder the angry growls of Zeus, one had no occasion to know anything about electricity. Is it not possible, to say the least, that in our modern zeal for complete "explanation" we may merely flatten out and smooth down our mental concepts, leaving nature herself as rugged as before? So if Dr. Ganong seems a little ambiguous in his philosophy, it is not necessary to suppose that he himself knows exactly what he means; the point is, that there is something he and we can feel and yet not understand. Those who insist most loudly that they stick to "facts," and are content with "known causes," end by making those "facts" and "causes" do all the work; a proceeding quite analogous to that of the men of old, who explained what they could by no possibility then understand, by overworking "facts" already familiar to them. To return to Dr. Ganong's book: it is an excellent introduction to botany, readable and clear. It is illustrated by a number of useful figures and diagrams. From the standpoint of a beginner, it has perhaps one fault: the discussions are too general, without sufficient citation of particular cases. On account of this, notwithstanding a high degree of lucidity, it may sometimes be difficult to hold the attention. The student cannot be so precipitately synthetic.

Messrs. Knight and Step's "Popular Botany," originally published in England and now reissued in this country, is a large two-volume work, with (to quote literally from the title-page) "721 beautiful illustrations and 18 colored plates." It is a cleverly written popular compilation, prepared by men who know much about the subject. The authors have taken a great deal of trouble to search out interesting passages in various writings and quote them at length, thus enlivening their narrative. The very numerous illustrations are of unequal merit. The plate facing the title-page of the first volume represents a tropical African plant, drawn by Sir H. H. Johnston, and is truly magnificent. The text-figures include very many excellent reproductions from photographs, and a large number of very poor drawings, that of the Leaf Butterfly (Vol. I., p. 4) being positively scandalous. A very remarkable picture occupies p. 67 of the first volume; it represents a giant cactus of Mexico, clearly from a photograph, but some enterprising artist has added a drawing of a Mexican, on such a scale as to make the cactus seem enormously larger than it really was. The legend beneath states that the spines are long enough to be used as toothpicks, which is true enough; but they appear about as long as the arm of the man figured! Such fake pictures ought not to be published. After making these criticisms, it is only fair to add that they have to do only with relatively minor features of an excellent book.

T. D. A. Cockerell.

Briefs on New Books.

An appraisal of the Nietzschean philosophy.

In view of the ultra-generous treatment already accorded to the creator of the *Uebermensch*, Mr. Georges Chatterton Hill's "The Philosophy of Nietzsche: An Exposition and an Appreciation" (Appleton) reveals at once sublimated faith on the part of the writer and profitable experience on the part of the publisher. This revelation is much the more striking since the manuscript of the book was finished eight years ago, and since but two of its thirteen chapters contain anything that would have been essentially new for the readers of 1905,—and even these have been anticipated, if not superseded, in the meanwhile. All serious students of Nietzsche know that heroism, sincerity, and refinement were his three most prominent traits, and that he looked upon the State, the moral law, science, and Christianity as exasperating hindrances in the development of his ideal class. An elaboration of these ideas, coupled with a brief account of his life, fills Book One of the present work. Book Two goes over the now hard-trodden ground of will, knowledge, master and slave, superman; and compares Nietzsche with Max Stirner, after having appraised the former. It is these two sections that one reads with the interest of near-novelty. Mr. Hill finds Nietzsche and Stirner alike in their idealization of force, their belief in the will of power, their doctrine of the integral life, their faith in the preëminence of the voluntary over the purely intellectual sentiments, and their exaltation of the individual. Both were individualists,—Nietzsche for the sake of the race, his inferior prototype for the sake of the individual; while Stirner admired a Cesare Borgia as such, Nietzsche admired him as the type of a race to come. But with all of Mr. Hill's able comparison, it is a pity to see him referring to such works on Stirner as those of Mackay and Réclaire and leaving S. T. Byington's classic translation (1907), with its excellent introduction by J. L. Walker, out of consideration. In this one respect at least, Mr. Hill should have revised his treatise to date. But with his general evaluation of Nietzsche no one will quarrel. It is a delight to read, at last, something sensible on Nietzsche's unqualified denunciation of Christianity; it is helpful to ponder over Mr. Hill's discussion of genius which Nietzsche had and of erudition which he did not have; it is refreshing to meet with a sound exposition of Nietzsche's personality, the most powerful stimulant against the corroding isms of the present day. Nietzsche cried out aloud both to those who were asleep and at ease and to those who were unwisely energetic; and the echo of his cries may still be heard and heeded. It is invigorating to have such human reminders around, though too many of them would soon rob each one of his effectiveness. Albeit Nietzsche did not add to our stock of positive knowledge, he did increase our interest in the full life and the deep ideal. Mr. Hill has gone into this part of his study with uncommonly fruitful results. Despite his fondness for such words as "hemiplegic," "unicity," "theorician," "diathesis," "misoneism," —words that perturb the linguistically trepid,—the entire discussion is clear, thorough, and reasonably untechnical. And only once, in "Neitzsche" on page 139, has the proof-reader seemed to nod.

More pages from the diary of Lady Shelley.

The second volume of the "Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley" (Scribner) appears after the lapse of one year since the publication of the first, and takes up the story where the earlier one dropped it—in the year 1817. As Percy Bysshe Shelley was then living and writing his best poetry, and was only six years younger than the diarist, there is a natural expectation that we shall be favored with some signs of her pride in his accomplishment. On the contrary, there is but one allusion to him,—"my husband's young kinsman, Percy Shelley, who seems disposed to become a poet. When I spoke to Mr. Scott [Sir Walter Scott] about him he told me he seemed to possess great talent; but I have no means of judging of this myself, as I have not seen any of his productions." Yet this was the very year (1819) in which Shelley was writing the most radiant of Utopian visions, "Prometheus Unbound"; the greatest of tragedies since Shakespeare, "The Cenci"; and the most perfect of English lyrics, the "Ode to the West Wind." There is also a copy of a long letter from Scott to Shelley, acknowledging the receipt of some poems submitted to the former for judgment, which contains such smug advice as this: "They are a little too wordy, and there is too much the air to make the most of everything. . . . Upon the whole, I think your specimen augurs very favorably of your talents. . . . But, above all, be in no hurry to publish. A name in poetry is soon lost, but it is very difficult to regain it." However, there is no lack of interest for the reader who seeks for glimpses of men who were helping to make history in the eventful years between 1817 and 1873. Lady Shelley was the chosen companion and acknowledged friend of the Duke of Wellington. Notwithstanding a temporary breach in their confidential relations, which was afterwards mended, he was always the object of her hero-worship. They exchanged frequent visits; on one occasion he draws for her a plan of the battle of Orthes, on the knee of his breeches; for her, he consents to have his picture painted by Hayter, a reproduction of which now appears for the first time as the frontispiece of this volume. We learn of his devotion to his mother, notwithstanding that she used to snub him as a boy because he was shy, and had not the dash and charm which distinguished his elder brother. With Queen Victoria, Lady Shelley was on such intimate terms that the Queen stood by her death-bed, and it was to her that she uttered almost her last words,—"I should be completely satisfied to die, Your Majesty, if I might be allowed to kiss your hand." The seven illustrations are all new and interesting.

Further letters of a restless man of leisure.

The authorship of the rambling, amusing, always intimately personal letters published about two years ago under the title, "European Years," is now divulged in Professor Woodberry's preface to a second selection of letters from the same pen; and the name, already an open secret, is Hermann Jackson Warner. "New Letters of an Idle Man" (Houghton) will be found no less worth reading than the preceding collection, although a little different in tone. As the editor of both volumes says, the later one "illustrates the subtle way in which a letter-writer responds to his invisible correspondent by an unconscious mood in himself, pre-established by 'auld acquaintance'; this packet is of a lighter sort, is more indulgent to whim and weariness, and an etymological interest takes the place of political economy." By reason of their greater indulgence to the writer's whim and weariness, these letters, which are all addressed to an apparently intimate friend, designated in print as "H," and, one conjectures from internal evidence, a Bowdoin professor, are even more frankly and carelessly revealing, in what they disclose of the "idle man's" amiable personality, than were those first published. The second packet seems to have been brought to light as a result of the "rummaging in old desks" occasioned, Mr. Woodberry says, by the publication of the first; and there is cause for satisfaction that the rummaging was so fruitful. From the autumn of 1881 to the summer of 1899 the letters continue with few long breaks, the years 1884 and 1896 being the only ones left blank; and the writer's wanderings in those two decades were from Europe to America and back again, to Japan and China, India and Egypt and Greece, to the Bahamas and to England, with winters in Italy, summers in Germany, sojourns in Switzerland, and other restless hitherings and thitherings, as Mrs. Carlyle might put it. The writer is the same companionable soul, the same lover of ease and good living, and as "far gone in indolence and pipes" as in the earlier volume. But he is always a wide reader, and he comments shrewdly and fearlessly on what he reads. The "New Letters" will not disappoint the lover of epistolary literature.

The abode of gentle mirth and tranquil thought.

Richer and riper, more mellow, more genially tolerant, more filled with the calm wisdom of life, and marked by even more abundant felicities of style than his former volumes, Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's "Joyous Gard" (Putnam) carries with it an atmosphere of tranquil mirth, of kindly humor, of sage reflection, of wise observation, and of large charity and good will, that makes it a book thoroughly wholesome in its stimulus, restful and yet persuasive in its non-insistent plea for the best things of the spirit, and always sane and quietly optimistic in its outlook on the great drama of human existence. The title is, of course, suggested by Sir Launcelot's castle into which, as is related in the "Morte d'Arthur," he retired for rest and recreation and pleasant discourse when the exigencies of war and business permitted; and the book argues the desirability and possibility of a similar stronghold of the mind for each one of us to seek in moments of leisure, in order thus to keep alive in the soul whatever of beauty and spirituality and intellectuality it can make its own. Not as a duty, however, is this to be regarded, but as a pleasure and an increasing delight. The substance of the volume is divided into twenty-seven short chapters or essays, all in the vein agreeably familiar to Mr. Benson's readers, but enriched with fresh thought, new incidents, apt illustrations. He makes the chief end of man not exactly that laid down in the Shorter Catechism. "For the end of life," he says, "is that we should do humble and common things in a fine and courteous manner, and mix with simple affairs, not condescendingly or disdainfully, but with all the eagerness and modesty of the true knight." Poetry he defines as "the discerning of beauty," whether the beautiful things be seen or heard or hidden deep in the mind and soul; a fine definition, but not likely to drive out those other narrower ones which are also needed. Deploring a certain disrespect for knowledge in England, the writer makes this rather startling statement: "There is, indeed, a land in which knowledge is respected, and that is America. If we do not take care, the high culture will desert our shores, like Astræa's flying hem, and take her way Westward, with the course of Empire." And in the same mood he censures the English worship of wealth. In good round terms the author assails "the detestable Puritan fibre" that induces a distrust of any discipline that is not dark and gloomy. But opinions and principles and theories are not the sole substance of the book; few representatives of the studious life have Mr. Benson's store of personal reminiscence and fund of concrete illustration.

Some fresh chronicles of the Regency.

One of the most curious characters of that interregnum between Louis XIV. and Louis XV. known as the Regency was the eccentric Duchesse du Maine, granddaughter of the Grand Condé, daughter of the fantastic family tyrant Henri Jules de Bourbon, and wife of the illegitimate son of the Grand Monarch, who at one time had prospects of becoming Regent or even of reaching the throne itself. The miniature rival of the Versailles Court which Mme. du Maine established at Sceaux, while it had no political significance, does not lack a certain literary interest, involving as it does the names of Voltaire, Fontenelle, and other writers not yet forgotten. The vigorous and piquant memoirs and correspondence of a life-long member of the little Court, Madame de Staal Delaunay, have been culled and edited by Mr. B. S. H. Lombardini, and the result now appears in a volume entitled "Rival French Courts" (Macmillan). The life of Mme. de Staal was a strange and melancholy one. As a child she won the heart of a lady who pampered and cuddled

her for years, but who died in the girl's early twenties, leaving her entirely without means or protection. A whimsical notable, the Duchess de la Ferté, filled with admiration for the young woman's qualities of mind, set about securing her a place as lady of waiting with the Duchesse du Maine, but, becoming angry with her while negotiations were in progress, wreaked the most exquisite revenge by obtaining for her a servant's place instead. The poor girl dared not refuse it, and for years one of the finest intelligences of the generation occupied itself with menial service about the person of the "Queen of Sceaux." In the course of time, however, she rose to the rank and place for which she was originally intended, married a Swiss captain, and died greatly respected and admired. The Memoirs show certain notable qualities of mind and heart in their author, a literary charm that ranks them with their better-known contemporaries, the letters of Mme. de Sévigné and the chronicle of St. Simon, a gift of objective impartiality, a patient self-control which is more than admirable, and a capacity for admiring and loving which under other circumstances would have made a beautiful character. The frequent harshness of judgment and the gradual development of a pessimistic philosophy are entirely explicable from the circumstances of a life of drudgery and ill-treatment, — although it must be admitted that if the witty serving-woman had not found the life of courts absolutely necessary to her existence, she might have escaped and been happier amid quieter surroundings. The title of the book does not make it clear that the treatment is confined almost entirely to the private and literary Court at Sceaux, and deals very incidentally with the real Court at Versailles.

An English statesman and gentleman.

It has long been understood that a vast amount of valuable information for the student of history lies hidden in the archives of prominent English families. The Historical Manuscripts Commission has succeeded in bringing much of this material to light; but many collections still remain unexplored. Some has also been published through unofficial agencies, chiefly as a result of the newer literary fashion which calls for extensive citations of documentary materials in history and biography. "Why may not the Life of Windham be written from his letters?" wrote one of his friends in 1831. The suggestion has recently been acted upon, and now we have such a biography in "The Windham Papers" (Small, Maynard & Co.). This work is in two volumes, and is made up almost exclusively of letters written by and to William Windham, who was one of the more eminent English statesmen of the Napoleonic age, though, "by the irony of events, he is now best remembered as the successful advocate of bull-baiting." Among the correspondents represented in this collection are George III., Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, Castlereagh, Cobbett, and many more. From the confidential letters of such men we should expect to gather much new information, and we are not disappointed. In 1783 Windham entered public life as chief secretary for Ireland; the next year he entered parliament; ten years later he entered Pitt's cabinet as chief of the war office; in 1806 he joined the ministry of "all the talents" as secretary for war and the colonies. He was therefore for a long time in close touch with political affairs and in the secrets of the government during a momentous period, and his correspondence is a valuable supplement to the public documents of the time. But "high-souled Windham" (as Macaulay called him) was more than an official and politician: Lord Rosebery, who has written the Introduction to "The Windham Papers," says that he "was the finest English gentleman of his or perhaps of all time." Such a man would have many interesting friends, and his correspondence has an added value in the light that it sheds on the lives and personalities of such men and women as Dr. Johnson, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Nelson, and others. Lord Rosebery's Introduction is chiefly devoted to a study of Windham's character as a politician: he finds him a follower of Johnson and Burke,— the one was his guide in religion, the other in politics. As to the identity of the editor of the Papers, the volumes furnish no clue. A number of excellent illustrations, chiefly portraits, add much to the interest of the work.

The ill-fated son of Napoleon III.

No one knows what the son of Napoleon III. might have accomplished had he lived; but the chances are that he would have had no more influence upon French affairs than that excellent gentleman his cousin, who succeeded to the Napoleonic Pretendership at the Prince Imperial's death. Empires have always ended by bringing ruin to France, and the gallant but hasty youth who sacrificed his life gratuitously in one of England's dubious African quarrels would probably not have been able to induce his country to forget the past. However this may be, the Prince Imperial was a charming character, and his life and death are touchingly told by his old tutor, Augustin Filon, in a volume whose first purpose is evidently political, but which is not ostentatiously different from other sympathetic biographies with no ulterior motive. M. Filon's acquaintance with the Prince began when, in 1867, he was set to supervise an ingenious but wholly unsuccessful arrangement for giving the boy a public school education without exposing him to humiliation and danger by sending him to a public school,— which very difficult procedure was attempted by employing various *lycée* professors to visit him, assign the lessons which their classes were studying at the same time, and give him a relative ranking along with the rest. Things went much better after the downfall of the Empire, in 1870, had reduced the boy to the rank of a private citizen and allowed him to attend school in England on nearly the same basis as other boys. It is clear

that although he was slow in developing, the Prince Imperial possessed both intellectual alertness and strength of character, and that the depreciatory estimate which the Republican press of France set upon him was dictated entirely by political considerations. He remained under the charge of his tutor until he graduated from the Woolwich Military Academy and entered the British regular army in 1875, so that his biographer was in constant personal contact with the Prince during the most significant third of his short life. Neither the interest of the book as a biography nor its value as political propaganda is heightened by the unpleasant pages in which various brave British officers,—and not alone the questionable Captain Carey, who commanded the squad in the attack in which the young man was killed,—are bitterly criticized for allowing him to meet his death. There are two sides to the question at worst, and it would have been better to obey the appeal of the bereaved mother: "Enough of recrimination; may the remembrance of his death join in a common regret all who loved him, and may no one suffer either in reputation or in material interests—I who can desire nothing more in this world make this a last request." The volume is issued in handsome form by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

The perennial problem of the boy.

The soul of goodness in things evil does not escape the discernment of President William De Witt Hyde in his book for educators and parents, "The Quest of the Best" (Crowell); observingly he distils it out, and though he affirms that "boys are by nature bad," he proceeds to show that their very badness is but goodness in the making. The six lectures in the book were delivered last May before the First General Assembly of Association Workers with Boys, at Culver, Indiana. Their method of preparation was novel and effective. With the six members of "English 10" at Bowdoin, for the year 1912–13, the topics to be handled were gone over and subjected to a sort of joint and several treatment in both writing and oral discussion, the result "in several instances being their [the students'] work precisely as they wrote it." Although Dr. Hyde has printed as the first sentence of his introduction the provocative announcement that "This is a book for the top shelf, out of the boy's reach," it is safe to say that not even the bad boy of his conception will feel irresistibly impelled to pluck and eat the forbidden fruit from that top shelf; a first taste would be enough for him. In other words, the treatment of the theme is serious and scholarly, though not unpractical. Its six heads are: "Natural Badness the Germ of Goodness," "Artificial Goodness the Repression of Badness," "The Quest of the Best," "Missing the Best: Sins of Excess and Defect," "The Personal Motive and the Social Medium," and "The Birthright of the Child." President Hyde here again proves that he knows how to hit the nail on the head: his style is vigorous, his thought practical, his applications apt and telling.

An out-of-the-way corner of Canada.

An entertaining and informative book about a little-known region is Mr. John Mason Clarke's "The Heart of Gaspé: Sketches in the Gulf of St. Lawrence" (Macmillan). Mr. Clarke's interest in the remote and inaccessible peninsula which the French call Gaspesie is primarily that of the geologist, but it is also that of a geologist who sees and is able to make us see the grace and dignity and significance of the gigantic cliffs that guard this rugged land, and the character of the kindly and hospitable fisher-folk whose villages cling to their feet. He tells us something, also, of the history of the coast, the landing of Jacques Cartier, the early missions, attempts at colonization, and the development of the cod-fisheries — still the principal, one might almost say the only, industry of the Gaspé shore. He describes the famous Percé Rock, Bonaventure Island with its colonies of gannets, murres, kittiwakes, and puffins, the marvellous peninsula of Forillon, and the sea-wracked Magdalen Islands. Altogether Mr. Clarke has told, with the charm that comes of genuine enthusiasm, the story of an out-of-the-way corner of Canada and of its unhurried and untroubled inhabitants. The tired worker seeking a quiet spot as remote as possible from the city, and content with plain food and simple surroundings, might easily go farther and fare worse.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The handsome "Imperial Edition" of Sir Gilbert Parker's collected works, which Messrs. Scribner have had in course of publication for some time past, is now completed for the time being by the addition of "The Judgment House" and a volume of poetry. From "A Lover's Diary," in the latter collection, Sir Gilbert has abstracted some twenty-five sonnets which have always been objectionable in his eyes; and has added, evidently rather reluctantly, "a book of youth and memory and impressionism in verse" entitled "Embers," which was privately printed many years ago. The eighteen volumes comprising this edition make a dignified and impressive appearance, and the writer who lives to see his work given such a setting may well be considered fortunate.

"Psychology" seems to have become the preferred term for any sort of talk about human functions or attributes. In "The Psychology of Laughter" (Appleton), Dr. Boris Sidis offers an assortment of things he considers funny, strung along on a thin thread of commentary. The commentary makes clear the author's ethical prejudices, but fails to indicate anything specific or fresh concerning the nature of laughter. The excuse, apparently, is that the book is intended to be "popular," but it is far from clear that there is any necessary relation between popularity and inadequacy. Of the current theories of laughter, Dr. Sidis mentions Bergson's and Freud's. He disagrees with both, but offers no substitute of his own; and he ignores entirely or is ignorant of Sully's important "Essay on Laughter" and the work done in laboratories at California and Harvard on the nature of the comic and its bearing on laughter. One gets the impression that this book, like Moses's razors in "The Vicar of Wakefield," was made to sell.

Notes.

A collected edition, in five volumes, of Mr. Edmund Gosse's essays is being brought out in London.

Mr. Galsworthy's new play, "The Fugitive," will soon be published in book form by Messrs. Scribner.

"When Ghost Meets Ghost" is the title chosen for Mr. William De Morgan's new novel, — which, by the way, is not to appear until early next year.

Mr. Yoshio Markino, author of "A Japanese Artist in London, has ready for immediate publication a new book entitled "My Recollections and Reflections."

An authorized version of Strindberg's novel of the Baltic Islands, "On the Seaboard," has been made by Dr. Elizabeth Clarke Westergren, and will be published shortly by the Stewart & Kidd Co.

Two of the season's most important novels, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Coryston Family" and Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Passionate Friends," will be published this month by Messrs. Harper.

Two immediately forthcoming volumes in Mr. B. W. Huebsch's valuable little "Art of Life Series" are "The Use of Leisure" by Mr. Temple Scott, and "Marriage and Divorce" by Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

The need for a thoroughly up-to-date guide-book to Japan is about to be met by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co., who have in active preparation such a work, written by Mr. T. Philip Terry, author of a standard "Guide to Mexico."

The announcement of an immediately forthcoming volume of poems by Mr. Arthur Symons, to be entitled "The Knave of Hearts," gives happy indication of Mr. Symons's return to literature, after an absence of several years, due to physical break-down.

Jane Austen is at last to be given place in the "English Men of Letters" series. The volume dealing with her has been prepared by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton College. We understand that Mr. Clement K. Shorter has in preparation a book on Mrs. Gaskell for the same series.

A new one-volume edition of the works of Tennyson is promised by Messrs. Macmillan. It will contain a specially prepared memoir of the poet by his son, the valuable author's notes which have hitherto appeared only in the "Eversley" issue, and a photogravure portrait from the painting by Watts.

Among forthcoming books on the stage we look forward with interest to the volume by Professor Boyer of Princeton, on "The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Drama." Professor Boyer, we are told, threshes out the problem of the influence of Machiavellianism on the Elizabethan dramatists, beginning with Marlowe.

Three books of importance, not hitherto announced in these columns, to be published by Messrs. Harper this month are the following: "Familiar Spanish Travels," by Mr. W. D. Howells; "The Story of a Page," an account of the development of the New York "World" by Mr. John L. Heaton; and "Miracles of Science," by Mr. Henry Smith Williams.

Following their success with the English version of M. Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," Messrs. Holt & Co. are about to undertake an even more extensive venture in a translation of Andersen Nexö's Danish tetralogy, "Pelle the Conqueror." Professor Otto Jespersen is responsible for the English rendering; and the first volume, entitled "Boyhood," will appear immediately.

A revised edition of Miss May Sinclair's "The Three Brontës," originally published last year, is announced by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. A notable feature of this edition will be a new Introduction in which Miss Sinclair deals vigorously with the questions aroused by the recent publication in a London newspaper of the correspondence between Charlotte Brontë and M. Heger.

Mr. Abraham Flexner's "Prostitution in Europe," the second of the series published by the Century Co. for the Bureau of Social Hygiene, will contain a full and detailed account of the operations and results of Europe's different methods of dealing with the problem of prostitution. Arrangements have been made in advance of publication for translation into French and German.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's publishers have in active preparation a new volume of this writer's short stories, to be entitled "A Changed Man, and Other Stories." At least two of the stories — "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" and "What the Shepherd Saw" — have been published in pirated editions in the United States in separate pamphlet volumes, but these have long been out of print.

The Laurentian Publishers is the style of a new Chicago publishing house, whose purpose it is to specialize in books by local writers. The initial publication will be "The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago," by Mr. Karleton Hackett, musical critic of the Chicago "Evening Post." This volume will contain a history of Grand Opera in Chicago during its first decade, 1850 to 1859.

A third and concluding part of the late A. Growoll's invaluable work, "The Profession of Bookselling," will be issued shortly from the office of "The Publishers' Weekly." This third part covers such subjects as the Correspondence Department, the Salesman, the Commercial Traveller, and the Old Book Trade; and the chapters dealing with these subjects show the same careful investigation, high ideals, and shrewd judgment for which Mr. Growoll always stood in the trade to which he literally gave most of the waking moments of his life.

Lovers of verse will be glad to learn that Messrs. Macmillan are planning to issue a new volume by the poet who chooses to be known as "A. E." It will bear the title "Collected Poems," and will consist of a selection from "Homeward," "Songs by the Way," "The Earth Breath," and "The Divine Vision," together with some new verses. The author has included only that portion of his work which, to use his own words, he would wish his friends to read. He has, however, made but slight alterations in the poems retained.

Among the autumn publications of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. not previously announced are the following: "Essays on Men and Matters," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward; "Carducci: A Selection of His Poems, with Verse Translations, Notes, and Three Introductory Essays," by Mr. G. L. Bickersteth; "My Art and My Friends," by Sir Frederic H. Cowen; "Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy," by the Right Hon. Lord Newton; "Shakespeare's Stories," by Miss Constance Maud; and a new and revised edition of "Painting in the Far East," by Mr. Laurence Binyon.

On October 23 the new Graduate College of Princeton and the Cleveland Memorial Tower will be dedicated. The Cleveland Tower, which is built into the

Graduate College, has been erected by national subscription. On that day the Princeton University Press will publish in three volumes the Stafford Little lectures which Mr. Cleveland delivered at Princeton in 1900, 1901, and 1904. The titles of the three volumes are "The Independence of the Executive," "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," and "The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894." On this same date the Press will also publish "The Graduate College of Princeton," by Dr. Andrew F. West, illustrated with twelve full-page drawings by Mr. John P. Cuyler.

The prose romances of William Morris will soon be accessible in a cheap form, as Messrs Longmans, Green & Co. announce that they intend to issue them in their well-known "Pocket Library." In October will be issued "A Dream of John Ball," "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," and "The Roots of the Mountains"; to be followed in November by "The Wood Beyond the World," "The Well at the World's End," and "The Story of the Glittering Plain." Early next year the series will be completed by the publication of "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" and "The Sundering Flood."

The first number of "War and Peace," which is described as "a Norman Angell Monthly," will appear in England this month. Its object will be to meet the demand for a saner discussion of vital international questions and to spread the philosophy of "The Great Illusion." The organ will be strictly non-partisan; it is to be published under the ægis of the Garton Foundation, of which Mr. Balfour is one of the trustees; whilst amongst its first contributors will be Lord Loreburn, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. F. W. Hirst, Professor L. T. Hobhouse, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, Mr. Stephen Reynolds, and Mr. Alfred Noyes. Norman Angell himself will contribute a regular column giving advice to workers in the movement. News from abroad will be a feature; readers will be kept in touch with what is being done by all the various peace societies; and current international politics will be subjected to a reasoned examination free from the slavery of outworn phrases and metaphors.

An illustrated volume by Mr. Arnold Bennett, entitled "Paris Nights and Other Impressions of Places and People," heads Messrs. George H. Doran Co.'s autumn list. Of especial interest, also, are the following: "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by Miss E. Blantyre Simpson; "Madame Royale," translated from the French of M. Ernest Daudet by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell; "The Ancient Painted Glass of England," by Mr. Phillip Nelson; "My Father: Personal and Spiritual Experiences," by Miss Estelle W. Stead; "Fires and Fire-Fighters," by Mr. John Kenlon; "How to Read Shakespeare," by Professor James Stalker; "The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray," by Mr. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson; "Lost in the Arctic: Being the Story of the 'Alabama' Expedition, 1909–1912," by Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen; "Wild Life across the World," by Mr. Cherry Kearton; "Game Fishes of the World," by Mr. Charles F. Holder; "Rome of the Pilgrims and Martyrs," by Miss Ethel Ross Barker; "The Man of Egypt," by Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper; "A South American Tour," by Miss Annie S. Peck; "Expositions of Dante," by Mr. John S. Carroll; "The Great Adventure," a play by Mr. Arnold Bennett; "The Upholstered Cage: The Problem of the Unmarried Daughter," by Miss Josephine P. Knowles; "These Shifting Scenes," by Mr. Charles Edward Russell; and "The Passing of the Dragon: The Story of the Shensi Revolution and Relief Expedition," by Mr. J. C. Keyte.

Of chief interest among the books planned for autumn issue by the Oxford University Press are the following: "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," by Mr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly; "Medwin's Life of Shelley" (Medwin's unpublished second edition), edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman; "Facsimiles of Twelve Early English Manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge," edited by Mr. W. W. Greg; "Oxford Libraries," by Mr. Strickland Gibson; "Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore," by Miss Elizabeth May Wright; "Irish Witchcraft and Demonology," by Mr. St. J. D. Seymour; "Ancient Eugenics," by Mr. A. G. Roper; "An Introduction to English Church Architecture," by Mr. Francis Bond; "Ancient Memorial Brasses," by Mr. E. Beaumont; "The Beginnings of Buddhist Art," by Mr. A. Foucher; "The Philistines: Their History and Civilization," by Mr. R. A. S. Macalister; "English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century," by Mr. C. L. Kingsford; "England's Parnassus, 1600," edited by Mr. Charles Crawford; "The Collected Papers of Henry Sweet," edited by Mr. H. C. Wyld; "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," Volume IV., collected by Mr. C. H. Herford; "Essays in Legal History," edited by Mr. Paul Vinogradoff; "Stoics and Sceptics," by Mr. E. R. Bevan; "The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse," compiled by Mr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly; "A Companion to Classical Texts," by Mr. F. W. Hall; "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds and their Representation in Contemporary Literature," by Mr. Frank Aydelotte; "The Primitive Church and Reunion," by Mr. W. Sanday; "A History of Chess," by Mr. H. J. R. Murray; and "Roman Town Planning," by Mr. F. Haverfield.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 265 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Edited and amplified by Homer Saint-Gaudens. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Century Co. $7. net.

The Wallet of Time: Containing Personal, Biographical, and Critical Reminiscence of the American Theatre. By William Winter. In 2 volumes, illustrated, large 8vo. Moffat, Yard & Co. $10. net.

The Life of Lyman Trumbull. By Horace White. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 459 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

The Life and Writings of Philip, Duke of Wharton. By Lewis Melville. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 336 pages. John Lane Co. $4.50 net.

King Edward as I Knew Him: Reminiscences of Five Years' Personal Attendance upon His Late Majesty King Edward the Seventh. By C. W. Stamper. With portrait, 8vo, 346 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2. net.

Louis XI. and Charles the Bold. By Andrew C. P. Haggard. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 411 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $4. net.

Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675. By Marie Catherine Baronne D'Aulnoy; translated from the French by Mrs. William Henry Arthur, edited and revised by George David Gilbert. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 451 pages. John Lane Co. $4.50 net.

John Brown, Soldier of Fortune: A Critique. By Hill Peebles Wilson. Illustrated, 8vo, 450 pages. Published by the author. $2. net.

Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography. With an Epilogue by Alice Ames Winter. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 229 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Gentlemen Rovers. By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated, 8vo, 245 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

HISTORY.

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STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of THE DIAL, published semi-monthly, at Chicago, Illinois, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor—Waldo R. Browne 44 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Ill.
Managing Editor, Waldo R. Browne, 44 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Ill.
Business Manager—Herbert S. Browne, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Publisher—THE DIAL COMPANY, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Owners—Estate of Francis F. Browne, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Waldo R. Browne 44 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Avery Coonley, Riverside, Ill.; Mrs. Sarah F. Gane, 114 Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.; W. M. Payne, 1933 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Coonley Ward, Wyoming, N. Y.

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